

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



A RUSSIAN DANCER AS EGYPT'S MOST FAMOUS QUEEN: MME. LUBOV TCHERNICHEVA IN THE NAME-PART OF "CLEOPATRA," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

Mme. Lubov Tchernicheva makes a dazzling Cleopatra in the ballet of that name, with which the Diaghileff company recently began its season at the Coliseum. She is a consummate mime, and interprets the looks and gestures of the cruel queen, who exacts a man's life for a kiss, with wonderful skill. A striking feature of the performance is her arrival in

a huge sarcophagus, swathed mummy-fashion in interminable draperies, which are gradually unfolded until she emerges, a vision of surpassing beauty. Mme. Tchernicheva has been seen before at Drury Lane, where she appeared in 1914, both in "Cleopatra" and other ballets, but never in more striking fashion.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The Wonderful, Wonderful Hun!

Four years ago, three years ago, two years ago, and even one year ago, it was quite "the thing," in certain circles, to speak of the cleverness of the Hun with bated breath. Everything he did was brilliantly clever. It was amazingly adroit, to begin with, to make a European war. Quite a remarkable stroke of diplomacy.

His conduct of the war was past admiration. Why *shouldn't* he tear up his treaties? All treaties were torn up, sooner or later. Why *shouldn't* he march through Belgium? Why *shouldn't* he devastate Belgium? Why *shouldn't* he commit every atrocity conceivable to the mind of man in Belgium and Northern France? It was all so *clever*! That was the point. No other nation could have been so clever. Oh, the clever Hun!

It was ravishingly clever to sink the *Lusitania*. Why? Well, they wanted America to come into the war. Why? Oh, for commercial and diplomatic reasons, only to be discussed with people who understand finance and diplomacy. Nothing had ever been quite so clever since the world began as the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*.

And then their cleverness in Russia! Russia would rally to a man round the German flag. Russia would supply the Hun with men, with money, with food, with munitions. In fact, they had won the war now that Russia was separated from the Allies. The incredibly clever Hun!

As for the brainless British—! It was only the more able British, of course, who could appreciate the cleverness of the Hun!

All Very Puzzling.

All this made me feel like poor Mr. Tulliver. It made everything so puzzling. If I had only been allowed to think of the Hun as stupid, his acts would have explained themselves. On the basis that the Hun was a stupid ass, instead of the most far-seeing and intellectual creature under the sun, I could have understood his conduct in Belgium, his deliberate antagonising of the Americans, his sinking of hospital ships, his bombing of hospitals, his shooting of mercantile captains and hospital nurses.

To my poor understanding, these were the acts of a stupid people. If they won the war, such acts would make their victory futile, for the civilised world would never rest until it had had its revenge. If, on the other hand, they lost the war, they would never get any decent nation to discuss terms of peace. That was why I thought them stupid. And it was so puzzling to be told, just as one tells a tiresome child, that I was quite wrong and had better keep quiet before displaying further depths of ignorance.

I was bidden to observe their Zeppelins and their Gothas. I did, very carefully, observe their Zeppelins and their Gothas. I saw them coming to earth in sheets of flame. I tried to find the stupendous cleverness of that, but, for the life of me, I couldn't. I was told that the air would soon be black with Gothas—that England would be bombed to bits. That would have been clever. I am still looking for it. In the meantime, the stupid Britisher, who always was so stupid, seems to have a few little flying-machines of his own.

And then the submarines! Regard the colossal cleverness of

the submarines! I wonder what the hundred and fifty dead and captured submarine commanders think about that astonishing feat!

According to Subtle Plan.

But the clever Hun is *still* being clever. He is *still* doing exactly as he pleases with the world at large. The world is *still* his football. Humanity and civilisation are *still* his toys. He is *still* chuckling with glee over his cleverness in sinking the *Lusitania* and bringing the Americans into the war. He is hugging himself with delight in the success of his plans on the Western front. He is rejoicing in the complete and perfect and tranquil subjugation of Russia.

All this must be so. The cleverest race on earth would never land themselves in a pickle. Why should they? Where would be the advantage of that? Even supposing, for an instant, that the cleverest race on earth did suffer a set-back or two (and that might happen to anybody!), it would swiftly extricate itself from the difficulty. For this simple reason it is absurd to suppose that anything is happening on the Western Front that the Hun did not wish to happen.

He may be retreating—yes. But why? Ah! Why?—that is his secret. There is something behind it all. Is he luring poor Foch on? Is he maturing a terrific scheme that will place the whole firmament and the glory of it in the hollow of his palm? Not a doubt of it! Brains will tell. He may be outnumbered, but what of that? Did any clever man ever care a rap for the multitude? What are numbers compared with superior intelligence? Nothing at all!

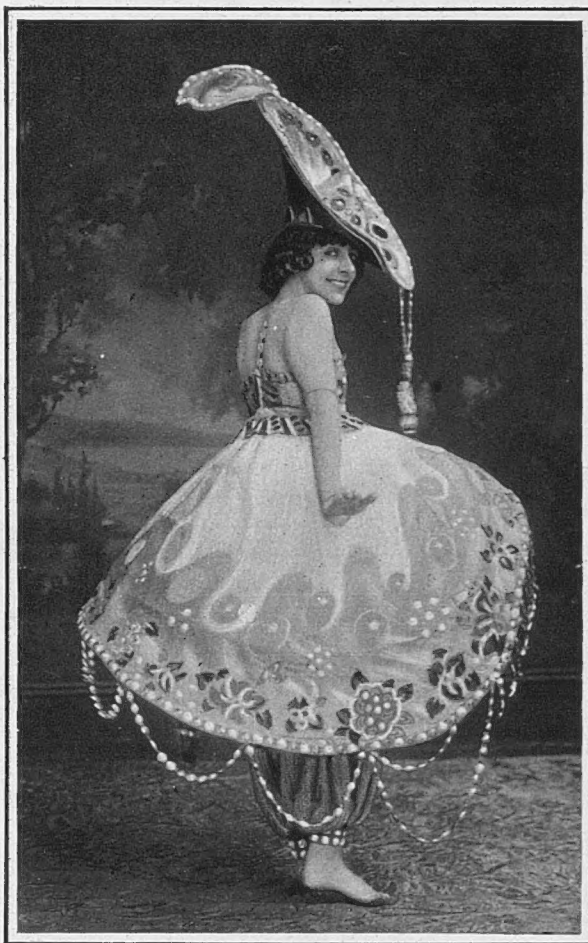
Inexplicable Adroitness.

Whilst I am quite resigned, therefore, to the fact that the Hun is the cleverest person in the world, I freely and frankly admit, with my hand on my forehead, that I cannot understand his methods. I cannot understand, for instance, why this brilliant person should find it necessary to shoot his own men. Numbers may not matter very much, but they must matter a little. The Allies shoot a good many of his men; that is straightforward enough. But why does he shoot them himself? Is this another demonstration of superhuman ingenuity?

Why, again, do the German soldiers shoot their own officers? The German soldier is a clever fellow. Coming of such a clever race, he must be a clever fellow. Why does he turn his rifle on his own officers? The officers, in their turn, are clever. They are invincible. They are lords of strategy. Why shoot them before the war is over? Try as I will, I cannot fathom that!

And why does Hindenburg think it necessary to publish a ponderous manifesto, imploring the German people to "keep their heads"? As if the German people would ever dream of losing such valuable heads. Clever people do not lose their heads. They keep them. That, surely, is all part of cleverness. You cannot call a man who loses his head just at the moment when he needs it "clever." Absurd! And the German is clever. Another puzzle!

Yes, I sympathise with Mr. Tulliver. 'Tis a puzzling world, a topsy-turvy world. Of one thing, however, I am sincerely glad. I am unaffectedly thankful to be on the stupid side.



IN A NEW "CHU CHIN CHOW" DRESS: MISS NINI DE LEON, OF HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

AT HOME AND AT THE FRONT: OCCASIONS AND PERSONALITIES.



FROM THE CANADIAN FRONT TO THE COLISEUM: THE "DUMB BELLS" (3RD CANADIAN DIVISIONAL CONCERT PARTY) IN KHAKE.



INCLUDING TWO FEMALE IMPERSONATORS: THE "DUMB BELLS" IN COSTUME AS THEY APPEAR AT THE COLISEUM.



HIS FIRST PHOTOGRAPH SINCE HIS RETURN FROM JAPAN: PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.



A HUSSAR OFFICER'S WEDDING: CAPTAIN JAMES DE WEND FENTON AND HIS BRIDE (MISS VIOLET WALMSLEY).



THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL TO THE FORCES: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACDONOGH.



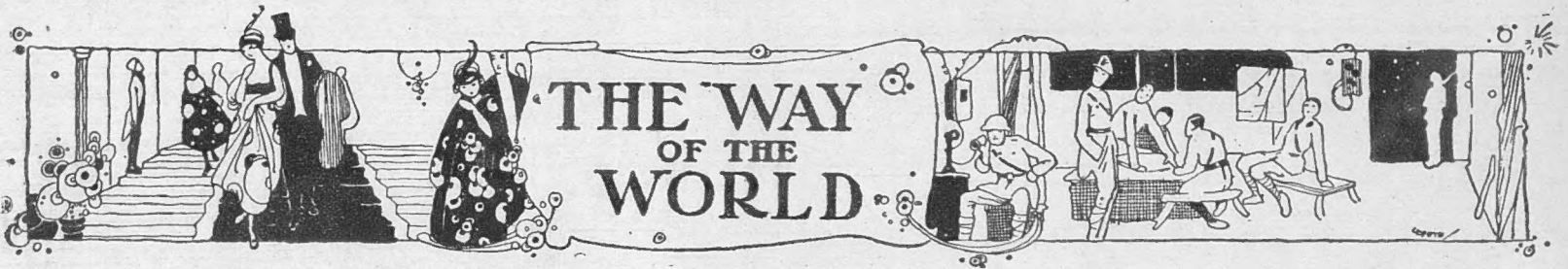
DRAWING WAR BONDS AS PRIZES: "SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS" IN THE R.A.F. SPORTS IN FRANCE.

The "Dumbbells," or 3rd Canadian Divisional Concert Party, recently entered the bill at the Coliseum, after appearing at the Victoria Palace. Among them are two clever female impersonators—A. G. Murray and R. D. Hamilton. They have all served some 16 months in France.—The wedding of Captain James de Wend Fenton, Hussars, and Miss Violet



A ZEEBRUGGE OFFICER'S WEDDING: COMMANDER E. O. B. S. OSBORNE, R.N. AND HIS BRIDE (MISS JOAN CHESTER MASTER).

Walmsley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Walmsley, took place last Wednesday, at St. James's, Spanish Place.—Commander Edward O. B. Seymour Osborne, R.N., of Zeebrugge fame, was married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to Miss Joan Chester Master, daughter of Mr. Godfrey C. Chester Master.



History on Walton Heath,

there, which ensures us some interesting gossip. A great deal of the future history of England has been under discussion on the Heath during the recent days when the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir George Riddell, and Sir Abe Bailey have been getting bunkered together like one o'clock, if I may use a vulgarism. I had a very

excellent lunch at the Walton Heath Golf House the other day, and was subsequently allowed to admire Mr. Lloyd George's calm, cool, and equitable temperament under adversity on the course. "There's not much Celtic fire about 'L.G.' in these days," whispered a friend to me, during the course of the Prime Minister's play. "He's as cool as a cucumber or an Englishman." "There's a good deal of Celtic fire about him when he likes, even now," I remarked.



A NEW LORD-IN-WAITING: LORD ELPHINSTONE.

Lord Elphinstone has just been appointed to succeed Lord Kenyon (resigned) as Lord-in-Waiting to the King. Photograph by Lafayette.

dancing. Then the whole entertainment gives a sort of dreamy, melodious, rather neurotic atmosphere, which suggests that such a practical pirate-king as the Kaiser never existed, except in the nightmare of some afflicted madman. You want to go to sleep—or half-asleep—when you are watching the Russian Ballet, and yet you must keep awake. You swim into the rhythm of the thing, and the people around you—the audience—are blended in some mysterious way with the melody and movement. That is why Lady Cunard, who was wearing white, looked to me, in the shadows of her box, like a beautiful ghost; while even her friend, Sir Thomas Beecham, became a sort of dream spirit. I might have had a poetic inspiration from Mrs. Montague Porch, but she was in uniform. Viola Tree, Violet Keppel, Lady Cynthia Asquith, Lady Essex, and Lady Arthur Paget all dissolved in the hashish of

the dream. The charming Viola tells me she may go to India with her husband. Afterwards, she will return to weave Indian spells over us all.

Is Lenin Alive? Most of us have remarked, in our various ways through life, that

the most utterly horrible specimens of that curious creature called "Man" contrive to inspire infatuation in some woman or other. In the same way, the most unlikely characters appear to inspire friendship in hero-worship. I am led to this reflection by a sudden visit that was paid to me last week. A friend back from the seething turmoil of anarchy in Russia burst into my room with the passionate query: "Is Lenin alive?"

Spies on Toast.

When I had recovered from my astonishment I told him that I did not care two wags of a monkey's tail whether Lenin was alive or dead. "Ah," said my friend, "you do not know Lenin. He has the manners of the White Rabbit in 'Alice in Wonderland,' but he has nerves of steel.

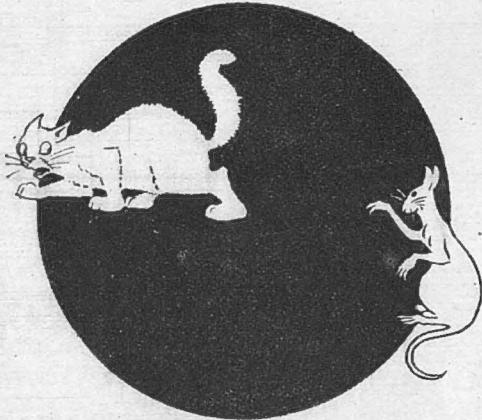
I knew him when the police were hunting for him, and I know. We took tea together once when he was in hiding. 'Do you see that window over there—not the one directly opposite, the next one?' asked Lenin. 'Well, it's full of police spies. They follow me everywhere. They have shot at me twice, and missed. Life, you see, is full of disappointments even for police spies. Have some toast——?' 'Spies on toast, if you like.'

Modest Gorki.

My friend from Russia, having satisfied himself that Lenin was not actually dead, proceeded to discourse about Maxim Gorki, whose new book has just been



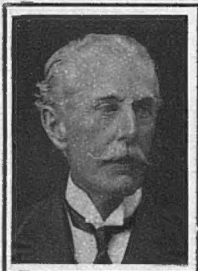
DANCERS IN THE REVISED EDITION OF "YES, UNCLE!" AT THE SHAFTESBURY: DECIMA AND EDDIE McLEAN. Photograph by Hugh Cecil.



A CAT WITH A "CONCHIENCE."

"A cat in a City office has been nick-named 'Conchy,' because it refuses to tackle a mouse when it sees one."—Daily Paper.

"Fire" at Downing Street.



A BELIEVER IN RUSSIA'S RE-BIRTH: SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN, FORMERLY AMBASSADOR AT PETROGRAD.

Sir George Buchanan in a recent speech showed how the Allies must save Russia from Bolshevism and Germany.

Photograph by Russell.

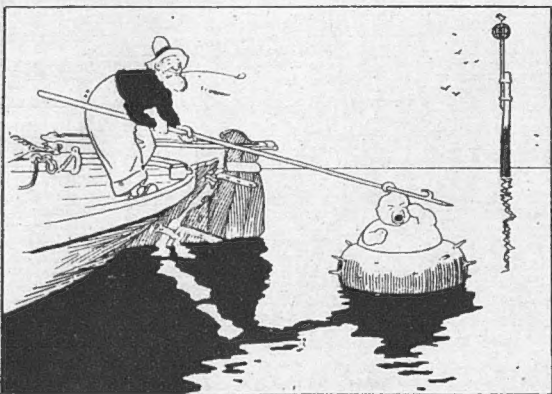


A TRIBUTE TO BELGIUM: THE MAUSOLEUM IN MEMORY OF BELGIAN SOLDIERS IN THE GARRISON CEMETERY AT SHORNCLIFFE.—[Photograph by Topical.]

I was scorched by some of it in Downing Street recently. When I called at No. 10, the face of the Prime Minister's secretary suggested to me that exciting events were in progress; and the attendant who led me up the stairs, past the portraits of so many of Britain's Prime Ministers, also seemed subject to suppressed excitement. I saw the Prime Minister, I should think, for exactly one minute, and the minute in which he dealt with the subject under discussion was a whirlwind. At the end he impelled himself out of the room in a cloud of Celtic fire.

Beauties at the Ballet.

There are some things that make you forget the war, and one of them is the Russian Ballet. It is not so much the Ballet itself; it's the people who come to see the



A "BABY MINE" REVIVAL.

"Vice-Admiral Kirchhoff, in the Kiel *Neueste Nachrichten*, commenting on the July submarine figures, says that 'proud island Britons' are redoubling their efforts to trap submarines on their well-known lines, using bombs disguised as babies 'to deceive German U-boat men, whose kind hearts prompt them to render aid.'—Daily Paper.



MONOCLE MILLINERY.

"I hope the monocle hat, which seems to be one of the latest freak fashions in America, doesn't attract the women of this country. The monocle is fixed in the brim. When the brim is turned down you get a ridiculous impression of a one-eyed wearer."—Daily Paper.

translated into English. Gorki, he tells me, is the most modest author alive. He even hates to be stared at, and some time ago created a scene in a Moscow theatre because the audience preferred to look at him rather than at the play.



A GOOD BEE-SIDE MANNER.

"A special syrup is now being given to bees, which, owing to the bad season, have experienced a shortage of sweetening foods."—*Daily Paper.*

be a friend of mine once interviewed Gorki in Italy. He was granted the interview because he had taken some photographs which pleased the author. So Gorki prepared himself to give forth views on Russian literature and art. But my photographer knew nothing about Russian literature or art, and he was not a journalist. The only question he could think of was, "What do you think of Tariff Reform?" A literal translation of Gorki's reply was, "I don't think."

Mixed Interests.

The inconsequence of this interview reminds me of one who, on a certain occasion, visited Mr. H. B. Irving. "Tell me, Mr. Irving," said the lady reporter, "what are your views on the survival of personality after death?" The actor replied that he thought the subject was of all too serious a nature for casual discussion; but the lady interviewer was not to be done. "Then, Mr. Irving," she said, "perhaps you would give me some views on mixed bathing."



GOOD (LLOYD'S) NEWS FOR OFFICERS.

"Sir Francis Lloyd, who retires from the command of the London District this month, has rescinded the order prohibiting officers from dancing in public."—*Daily Paper.*



FROM "TELLING THE TALE" TO SAVING THE COAL: MISS MARIE BLANCHE AS LOG-CUTTER.

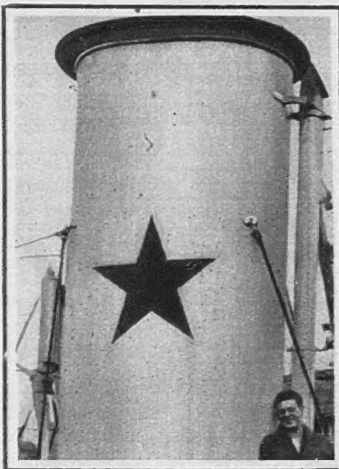
Miss Marie Blanche takes the part of Sidonie de Matisse in "Telling the Tale," at the Ambassadors'.

A Plea for Privacy.

"What on earth are you staring at me for?" he said, standing up in his stall. "I am not a dancing-girl, nor a Venus de Milo, nor a drunkard. I write stories. They have the good luck to please you, and I am glad of it. But that is no reason why you should keep on staring. We have come here to see a charming play. Be good enough to attend to that."

An Interview.

A photographer who happened to



ANOTHER NEW STAR: A DECORATION FOR SINKING U-BOATS.

The star on the funnel of a U.S. warship means that she has sunk a U-boat. The honour is much coveted by submarine-chasers.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

always commands attention, that a man must have a great imagination to be a great General.

A Foch Book.

When I had recovered my customary serenity of temper, and had swept the débris from the mantelpiece under the grate, I ventured to observe, "Most of the world's great Generals established their reputations as warriors before they went into the writing business—Julius Caesar is a case in point." Once again the expressive hands waved mystically in front of my face, and her Ladyship remarked, "Ah, but that is all antique stuff. Foch was a great writer before he was a great General. Now, in the intervals of defeating Hindenburg, he has produced a new book, and the English translation will be published in this country before Christmas. So now you know what nobody else knows. Good-night. You are horribly conservative to think of Julius Caesar in connection with this war. Why, I am sure Plumer would have beaten him any day."

Joy and "Bobbed Hair."

Everybody seems to be going to Claridge's for dinner on Sunday. I took little Miss Joy Ryde, most pertinacious of female cousins, there the other evening, and from the general gathering might have assumed that London was quite full. This was annoying, because I told Joy that London was empty. I pointed out Lord and Lady Treowen, and Joy remarked, "She looks very nice, but why does she wear black?" I confessed that I was quite unable to explain the precise reason which prompted Lady Treowen to wear black, and asked Joy to take an interest in Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, and Mrs. Walter Trefusis, and Mrs. Arnott. Joy gave no very direct evidence of her interest at the time, but when we emerged from Claridge's she whispered, "I like that Mrs. Arnott." "Why?" I asked, knowing that Joy was an absolute stranger to the lady in question. "Because she's got bobbed hair," was the convincing answer.

I saw Sir Yapp Off. Arthur Yapp bid farewell to a number of friends when he started on his Y.M.C.A. mission to America. I wish him well.—THE WORLDLING.



WOT AN IDEA!

"Freiherr von Friesen, in an elaborate comparison in the *Deutsche Revue* between Hindenburg and Hannibal, regards their respective military genius as equal, but says Hannibal had the advantage of Hindenburg in that the latter has no elephants."—*Central News.*



THE WEDDING OF LIEUT. BERNARD E. DELATORRE AND MISS V. C. PEREZ TRIANA: BRIDE, GROOM, AND TRAIN-BEARER.

The bride is a daughter of the Secretary of the Colombia Legation. The wedding took place at Brompton Oratory.

Photograph by Topical.



"TELLING THE (FISH) TAIL" TO NURSE.

"The wounded soldiers in London hospitals have been granted permission to fish in the Serpentine."—*Daily Paper.*



SMALL TALK

HER Grace of Marlborough, who is usually associated in the public mind with "causes" of one kind and another, has just shown herself in a new light. She is, it seems, something of a "putter." At any rate, her interest in the game is sufficiently keen to have taken her on several occasions to the putting course adjoining the Golf House at Cooden, where her slender Grace has been recovering from the activities of a summer spent in promoting the interests of infant welfare and other projects with which she is identified. The Duchess, usually the smartest of women in town, adopts, when at the seaside, simple frocks to suit her simple life by the witching wave. If the truth be told, short skirts and a knitted jersey become her quite as well as the elaborate creations reserved for more conventional occasions.

Another Surprise. The Peerage provided another surprise last week. Though working daughters of real live Dukes have lost their novelty since the war came to make workers of us all, a Duke's daughter who turns her talents to account by working for a dress-maker is still interesting enough to deserve a paragraph. Lady Eileen Orde, the Duke of Wellington's younger daughter, who married two years ago, is not ashamed to turn an honest penny by her paint-brush. Real artistic merit as well as novelty attaches to the "chiffons" she has decorated for those who have the luck and the purse to acquire them, for Lady Eileen evidently believes in variety, and has no hesitation in introducing every known variety of flower, with a butterfly or two thrown in, on to a single dress "length."

Another Worker. If gossip speaks truly, others besides Lady Eileen are turning Eve's love of pretty things to practical account.

Count Michael Torby, son of the Grand Duke Michael, has already acquired a modest fame as the designer of tasteful programmes for charitable causes. Though work in a munition firm takes up most of his time, he is credited with designing frocks for the fair in his spare hours. At least one actress now on tour is wearing gowns originated by the young Count, who, it is rumoured, will go to Paris to study his art seriously when war is over.

Prince Arthur of Connaught. There are rumours again that Prince Arthur of Connaught may be given a title in his own right, with a seat in

the House of Lords. It testifies to the parsimony with which honours are distributed in the Royal circle that this step has not been taken long ago. Had a commoner been entrusted with half the public work so well carried out by Prince Arthur, he would long since have gone to the Upper House. Prince Arthur is the

handy man of the Royal Family, and is always to be trusted with any commission that demands tact, distinction, and *savoir faire*. He is much liked, and his elevation to the House of Lords would be extremely popular.

Mr. Joel and Shaftesbury.

It turns out that Mr. Solly Joel is a member of the syndicate which bought the town of Shaftesbury. The deal is, after all, a small one for the man who, two years ago, acquired the whole of Sir Joseph Robinson's interest in the Randfontein Estates and other goldfields, valued at thirteen millions!

The Rush for the Brush.

Dr. Johnson confessed to "no passion for clean linen," and some moderns have claimed an inheritance in the great Doctor's self-control. The passion for spotlessness is further discovered as a predominantly feminine one by

the number of ladies, some of them quite elderly ladies, who are now scrubbing in hospitals and in their own homes. A great lady told her friends the other day that she *had* a passion for clean floors when she was a girl, and that only now, in middle age, was she able to give it any personal gratification. Lady Constance Lytton once confided to the public her own early possession of similar aspirations. Never had she taken to "Society." The publicity of the ball-room had always a terror for her. The daughter and the grand-daughter of authors, she did not care for books, and intellectual people only bored her. But she had always been very fond of washing: "There is something so fascinating in making dirty things clean." And that is the creed of a whole crowd of women to-day, to whom the war has ceded, as their desired but long-denied weapon, the scrubbing-brush.

Heredity, by the way, is not always flouted, as in Lady Constance's case. Lady Tyrrell, who has lately had the whole floor of a Sussex hospital under her hands and knees, is the daughter of David Urquhart, who introduced into England the Turkish bath. Cleanliness still is "next to godliness."



ENGAGED TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL L. P. EVANS, V.C.: MISS PRYSE-RICE.

Miss Dorothea Pryse-Rice is the eldest daughter of Mr. John Carbery Pryse-Rice and Dame Margaret Pryse-Rice, D.B.E., of Llwyn-y-Brain, Llandovery, Carmarthenshire. Brigadier-General Lewis P. Evans, V.C., D.S.O., the Black Watch, is the second son of the late Sir Griffith Evans, K.C.I.E., and Lady Evans, of Lovesgrove, Aberystwyth. Miss Rita White is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. White, of The Poplars, Maidstone. Lieutenant-Colonel F. F. Minchin, D.S.O., M.C., R.A.F., is the second son of Major-General F. F. Minchin, C.B., and the late Mrs. Minchin, of Armagh, Co. Tipperary, and Holywell House, Eishop's Waltham, Hampshire.

Photographs by Bertram Park and Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. F. MINCHIN, D.S.O.: MISS MAR-GARITA BEATRICE WHITE.



MARRIED LAST WEEK TO MR. ARTHUR LAMBTON: MISS MARION EGAN-DESMOND.

Miss Egan-Desmond (Mrs. Arthur Lambton), is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Maxwell Egan-Desmond, who was formerly Chaplain to the Brigade of Guards in the Crimea. One of her sisters is the Comtesse Raoul de Diesbach de Belleruche, a very old French family. Mr. Arthur Lambton is the eldest son of the late General Arthur Lambton, C.B., Coldstream Guards, and is well known in the literary world.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



TO MARRY MR. ESMÉ DONOVAN: MISS CYNTHIA THOMPSON.

Miss Cynthia Thompson, whose marriage is arranged to take place on Sept. 26, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Thompson, of 65, Whitehall Court, S.W. The wedding will be at St. Andrew's Church, Ashley Place, S.W., at 2.15.

Photograph by Langfieri.



TO MARRY SEC.-LIEUT. WILLOCK-POLLEN: MISS CECIL LEITCH.

Miss Leitch, the lady golf champion, is a daughter of Mrs. Leitch, Monimail, Silloth, Cumberland. Mr. Henry L. Boileau Willock-Pollen, Coldstream Guards, is the only son of Mr. Henry C. Willock-Pollen, J.P., Little Bookham, Surrey.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE LATEST IN PORTRAITURE: A NEW EFFECT.



WITH REFLECTION OF SELF—AND STUDIO: MRS. SEAGRIM.

Here is a new idea: the sitter holding a globe which reflects her and her surroundings—in this case, the photographer's studio, with photographer and camera complete. Mrs. Seagrim is the wife of Lieutenant-

Colonel A. H. Seagrim, who holds a Highland Light Infantry command in France, and is the daughter of Mr. W. B. S. Quentin, of York. The new idea will doubtless catch on.—[*Photograph by Hugh Cecil.*]

THE ANNALS OF ARTEMAS

By the Author of "The Book of Artemas."

AMID all the misfortunes consequent upon the War, the shortage of paper was, probably, most easily borne of any; indeed, there were many who looked upon this temporary relief from superfluous reading as the only compensatory aspect of the times.

This view, however, was not shared by the publishers, who, constrained by the famine to exercise discrimination in their choice of publications, resented the embargo on their output of tosh; and a considerable number refused to desist from its production.

Two cases may properly be cited in which the restricted paper-supply failed ignominiously to restrain the facile pens of well-known writers. Mr. Garvin's four full columns of Sabbath optimism monopolised the hours of the amateur tacticians with unabated regularity.

And it was common knowledge that the Paper Controller had been compelled to address a personal appeal to Mr. Herbert Jenkins, imploring him to refrain from any further "Bindleisms" lest the phenomenal public demand for them should precipitate an insoluble crisis.

Many popular contributors were amongst the chief sufferers from the curtailment in the size of the newspapers; and thousands of anxious readers were constrained to wait until after the War for news of the progress of Mr. Algernon Ashton and his promising offspring.

As illustrating the difficulties with which the Press was confronted in these trying days, an instance may be cited of the unfortunate position of the *Daily Mail*.

This patriotic organ, notwithstanding its voluntary assumption of the direction of the War, was badly let down by the Government; as a consequence, it found itself in unwilling possession of ten thousand pounds.

A pathetic appeal, setting out the unprecedented situation in which it found itself, was sympathetically responded to by its warm-hearted readers; and suggestions as to the disposition of the fund began to arrive in a generous flow.

Certain enthusiasts urged the employment of the money in the foundation of a Society for the Prevention of Varicose Veins by the Compulsory Abolition of Garters; on the other hand, there were some who diplomatically suggested that, for the benefit of posterity, Lord Northcliffe should keep on having his portrait painted (in oils) until the whole of the fund was exhausted.

Eventually, after every crank and fad-dist in the country had contributed their own pet suggestions, the money was applied in a manner befitting the unselfish ideals of a modest daily journal.

It was about this time that the great Trades Unions Cycle was perfected. This operated by means of a sympathetic transmission of action, working in a circle.

For instance, a strike amongst the gas-workers would sympathetically agitate the miners, which would sympathetically agitate the firemen, which would sympathetically agitate the employes at the water works; and so on, until the circle was completed, and it became the turn of the

It was early noted that the burden of war-time conditions fell very hardly upon the lawyers, for litigation lost much of its fascination when compared with the more active form of argument at the Front.

Gradually unmistakable signs of malnutrition began to show themselves amongst the members of the profession, and it soon became apparent that many would probably starve unless their beggarly fees were raised to something substantial.

This prospect, though viewed with equanimity by the majority of laymen, was looked upon differently by the authorities, who feared the effect in foreign countries if it became known that even the lawyers were unable to get all they wanted; and so the price of another commodity went up.

But the real salvation of this much down-trodden profession came through the increased popularisation of the Divorce Courts, which enabled the lawyers to spend much remunerative time unhitching ill-assorted couples with the same enthusiasm that the clergymen had previously displayed in hitching the unhappy pairs together.

The explanation of the remarkable fillip given to the business of the Divorce Courts is not easy to find. It cannot be attributed to advertisement (for their proceedings were always generously advertised); neither is it likely that the increase was, in fact, due to charitable motives towards the oppressed profession.

Rather did public feeling tend in an opposite direction; and we hear of an organisation being formed to advocate, not without logic, that a fee of seven-and-sixpence should suffice for a License to Divorce

as it did for the correlative License to Marry.

It seems probable that the spirit of adventure which was abroad was conducive to too much matrimony; and the general monotony of life, following from the restriction of so many other pleasures, may have made the prospects of a change irresistibly tempting.

Again, a certain section of the people, interested in munitions and in the necessities of life, found themselves the victims of their own cupidity and over-burdened with superfluous wealth.

In former days, it was usual to apply a leech to the affected spot when there was a super-abundance of blood; and a wife was found equally efficacious in these later times to a man badly glutted with money.



CADET "TEDDIE GERARD," R.M.C.? A MASCULINE IMPERSONATOR OF A FEMININE REVUE STAR.

As explained under other portraits of this fascinating "lady" elsewhere in this Number, "she" is, like Charley's Aunt, no ordinary woman, and is strongly suspected of being a cadet at Sandhurst, where "she" has been giving imitations of Miss Teddie Gerard in "Tails Up!"

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

gas-workers to be sympathetically agitated into starting things off all over again.

Unfortunately, however, the strict order of striking was not consistently adhered to, and there were even occasions when the helpless condition of the general public encouraged a contemporaneous agitation of the complete circle.

A noteworthy addition to the historical records of the country was made by the filming of the life of the Prime Minister. This was undertaken as a labour of love, and for the enlightenment of the masses.

Mr. Lloyd George, unhappily, was unable to sustain the title-rôle throughout, his time being largely occupied with affairs of state and—as Fate would have it!—with the prospects of a General Election.

THE PATRIOTIC PATCH: AS NOW WORN.



GOOD MARKS FOR WAR-WORKERS! MISS PEGGY PRIMROSE DEMONSTRATES.

In an earlier and more fanciful, as well as poetical, age, powder was in general wear (on the hair), and patches had a language of their own. In those days of beaux and belles the shape and position of the patch had their own significance, and it would seem that there is to be an up-to-date version of the practice which may become a fashion. It is even suggested that the war-worker of 1918-1919 may choose to be

designated by her patch, when in mufti. So, the "W.R.E.N." may wear a "warship" patch; the "W.A.A.C." a "Gun" patch; the "Penguin" an air-service "Wings" patch; and Red Cross workers a "Red Cross." Miss Peggy Primrose is the pioneer of this fashion in London, and wears the patches at the Strand Theatre, where she appears in "The Hidden Hand."—[Photographs by Dorothy Wilding.]



THE King's vines have evidently borne him no grudge for his war-time renunciation of the grape's juice. They have met generosity with generosity, for they seem to have bloomed out into a special demonstration of approval—the five hundred bunches at Cumberland Lodge, in Windsor Great Park, and the yield of the Great Vine at Hampton Court, which nobody now has time to number, but on which, in more leisurely days, two thousand bunches have been counted. Like grapes, figs have escaped the general failure of this season's fruit. Some people will not eat them out of Italy, but they have their attractions in less sunny lands—especially for their growers, and sometimes for others. The Oxford don who watched the ripening of the solitary fruit on his own tree, and, to preserve it from undergraduate attentions, pinned up his card, "Dr. —'s fig," when he went at last to gather it found it gone, and the legend on the card altered to "A fig for Dr. —!"



A SNAPSHOT FROM IRELAND: SIR HAROLD AND LADY NUTTING.

Sir Harold Nutting, 17th Lancers, was formerly A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Australia. He served two years in France. Just before his father's recent death he received a serious kick from a horse, and is now recuperating at St. Helens, Co. Dublin. Lady Nutting, who was Miss Enid Hester Nina Mulock, daughter of Mr. F. B. Mulock, of Ballycumber House, King's Co., is a devoted worker on behalf of war charities.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

Ellermanly! Sir John Ellerman, whose gift of £20,000 has greatly added to the gaiety of the organisers of the Voluntary Pension Fund for officers and men disabled in war, lives very unostentatiously in South Audley Street. When he buys a fine house—such as St. John's Lodge in Regent's Park, the residence of the late Marquess of Bute—it is not for himself, but for a hospital. Next door to Sir John in South Audley Street is Chesterfield House, with a history which makes mushrooms of all the modern buildings round about it. The famous letter-writing Philip Dormer, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, built it in 1749 at what was then described as "the extreme verge of town."

Floors and Floors.

A hundred years later it was let for the first time—a good let too, considering the value of money then, for the Marquess of Abercorn paid £3000 in yearly rent. About 1870 the house came, as every London house sooner or later does come, into the market; and Mr. Charles Magniac showed his sanity by writing a purchase—cheque of £175,000, and then "developing" the real estate. For one thing, the Chesterfield garden became

Chesterfield Gardens. Later, the house itself was bought by Lord Burton, who lent it to a foreign royalty for King Edward's Coronation, thus incidentally gaining for it the transitory glory of a sentry at its gate. When Lord Burton died, the Duke of Roxburghe became its tenant, to the delight of the Duchess, who, like all Americans, revelled in large rooms, and used to say, in allusion to her husband's Scottish castle, that here too she had her lovely Floors. During the war her fellow-countrymen have fully appreciated this spaciousness, for one Anglo-American mission after another has had its headquarters at Chesterfield House. Lord Northcliffe, round the corner at Crewe House, finds himself a near neighbour of Sir John Ellerman, who is both his friend and his fellow-shareholder in the *Times*.

Married and Singular. Married ladies as bride's maids! That conjunction involves at least a clash of terms. But there is no such verbal bar to a best man being also a married man. So thought Lord Leven and Melville when he asked Lord St. Germans to be his guide and supporter in St. George's in the Square that is still called Hanover. And Lord St. Germans—who, of course, had every detail of the ceremony by heart—was nothing loth.

The really "best man," from Lady Rosamond Foljambe's point of view, and his own best man have both of them lately reached the ripe age of twenty-eight. But Lord St. Germans, who is eight weeks older than his friend and fellow-Etonian, seemed, on the recent great occasion, to stand firm on this fifty or sixty days of priority of life and husbandry.

At the Tower.

Sir Ian Hamilton, the new Lieutenant of the Tower, is well known as a literary General as well as the Commander of the ill-fated Gallipoli force, but it may not be generally known that he has been courageous enough to adopt Futurist schemes of decoration in his London house. The hall window is one of the most striking things in its way that London possesses, and those who like it like it very much indeed. The Tower seems a queer backwater for a man who has crowded so many thrilling experiences into a comparatively short life.



WIFE OF THE NEW LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER: LADY HAMILTON. Lady Hamilton is the wife of General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., D.S.O., who has been appointed Lieutenant of the Tower. Lady Hamilton is the daughter of Sir John Muir.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A NEW PORTRAIT: THE HON. IVY MARY STAPLETON, SISTER OF BARONESS BEAUMONT.

The Hon. Ivy Mary Stapleton is the sister of Baroness Beaumont, and was born in 1895. Baroness Beaumont succeeded to the title in 1896.

Photograph by Swaine.



DAUGHTER OF AN EQUERRY TO THE QUEEN: MISS EVA DUGDALE.

Miss Dugdale is the only daughter of Colonel Frank and Lady Eva Dugdale. Her father is Equerry-in-Waiting to Queen Mary, and Lady Eva Dugdale is Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



WIFE OF A "MENTIONED" OFFICER: LADY DOMVILLE.

Lady Domville is the wife of Sir James Henry Domville, Bt., R.N., who has received the thanks of the Admiralty for his services in the war. She was Miss Kathleen Agatha Charlesworth, of Lowestoft.

Photograph by Val P'Estrange.

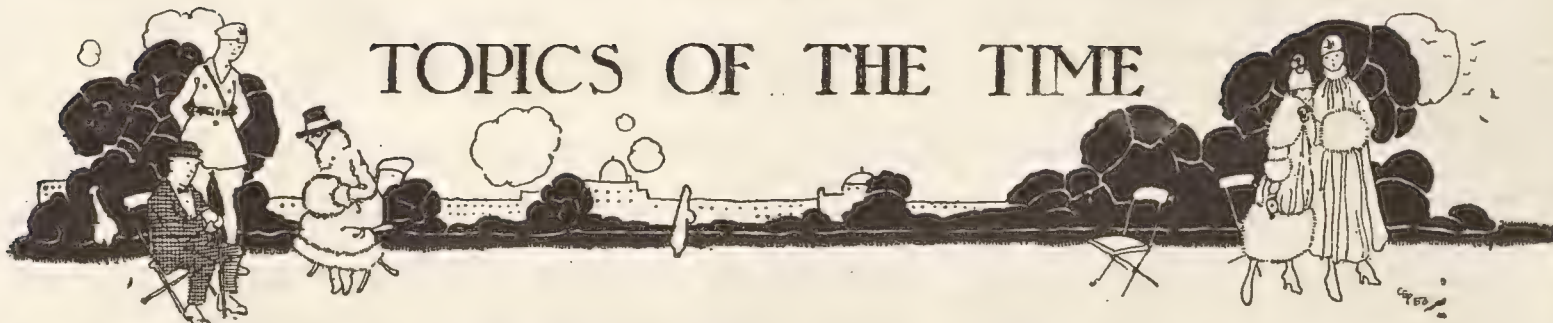
THE CROSSLEY—CAYLEY WEDDING: THE BRIDE AND THE GROOM.



AFTER THE CEREMONY, AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE: CAPTAIN THE HON. JOHN CROSSLEY
AND MRS. CROSSLEY (MISS DOROTHY CAYLEY).

St. Peter's, Eaton Square, was filled with a fashionable congregation the other day for the marriage of Captain the Hon. John de Bathe Crossley, Yeomanry, second son of Lord and Lady Somerleyton, and Miss Dorothy Frances Cayley, eldest daughter of the late Captain Sir Everard Cayley, of Brompton Hall, Yorks, and of Lady Mary Cayley, 11, Trevor Square, Knightsbridge. The Earl of Wharnccliffe, uncle of the bride, gave her

away. She was married in her travelling-gown of silver-grey Milanese silk, with a grey velvet toque and a hanging veil, but carried no flowers. Her ornament was Lord Somerleyton's gift—a pearl necklace. The best man was Lieutenant C. T. Chamberlayn, Scots Guards. There were no bridesmaids or pages. A reception was held at 61, Eaton Place, the residence of Major and Mrs. Boyd.—[Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street.]



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I must on no account keep the home fires burning. We are warned by Sir Guy Calthrop, the Coal Controller, that if we do we shall be making it harder for our boys to keep the enemy on the scuttle.

Once, when pain a scoundrel gave, 'twas our rule, by Virtue framed, to be gentle to the knave, so that he might feel ashamed. To that rule we cannot keep—other ways we use instead. Now it would be waste to heap coals of fire upon his head!



BURIED WHERE HE FELL, AT CHAMERY: LIEUTENANT QUENTIN ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE.

Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt was killed in an air-fight on July 14, at Chamery, and was buried by the Germans with military honours. The Americans have since reconstructed the grave.—[French Official Photograph.]

To those about to make up the fire on a chilly evening, Mr. Arnold Bennett gives the advice that *Punch* gave to those about to marry.

Poor Daphne loved to sit and read, her dainty shoes upon the fender, all fluffed and frilled and silken-kneed, and twinkling buckles of suspender. But those great nights no more can be, though come the cold of regions Polar. The grate Knight of our Embers-sy but matters now—the Coal Controller!

One more nubbly bit about the coal-shortage question and then I've finished—for the present.

The North wind doth blow and we shall have snow, and what will poor Daphne do then, poor thing? To bed she will go at seven or so, and tuck her head under the clothes, poor thing!

There are all sorts of ways of having your portrait taken, but the most original is that invented by Mr. Howard Carr, who has musically composed the life-likenesses of three great heroes.

When Howard Carr my portrait took, it proved the truest composition I ever played from any book in all the course of my tuition. Beginning with a strident wail, with which I hailed my foremost birthday, it echoed every small detail that linked it with this hell-on-earth-day. It even gave (with piccolo) the week my teeth began to show.

It dwelt upon the sorest part of my experience scholastic with reminiscences of Smart, and music critics call gymnastic. It marked my lack of £ s. d., and loans attempted under twenty, by hinting, in a *minor* key, at scraps from "Dolce far Niente." And when I grew to man's estate, the music flew at such a rate! With strings alone (the keyboard class) he sketched my life's sad Saturnalia. (To represent it with the brass he knew would be an utter failure!) To mark my year of forty-nine, the harp was clayed with metal thimbles, and all responded to the sign *Fortissimo* (with drums and cymbals). . . . The capitious and disdainful flute observed, when all the rest were mute, "The very image of the brute!"

Guardian-shooting commences some time in November. I can't tell you the actual date, because I don't know it. But I have heard it whispered that one of our theatrical managements intends reverting in that month to the old, old story of the black-gowned heroine, the "young Squire" hero, the "Ha, ha!" villain, and the silly old guardian who will insist upon counting his fortune in the dead of night close to unfastened doors.

I am not desperately excited over the promise of this revival of guardian-shooting melodrama. But it is good now and again to bring into the light the things we suffered in what is known, in circles that want watching, as the good old days: the sport at the Princess's and the Adelphi—not forgetting the old Vic.

Oh, hold your breath while the music's low—sit tight when the moon turns green! For these are signs that I chance to know most creepy proceedings mean! Oh, hold the hand of your dearest friend, or cling to your stall's plush arm, for a scene like this is bound to end with a flash and a loud alarm. Be bold in fright and sit closer still. The closer you sit, the more the thrill!



WITH A CIGAR AS PERCH: YOUNG GERMAN CANARIES CAPTURED IN THE ADVANCE.

A cage of German canaries, with young ones, was found in an abandoned village. They were adopted as the pets of a British officers' mess.—[Official Photograph.]

Oh, why does the Guardian old and grey not see who is standing there? He passed quite close when he strode his way from the doors to the high-backed chair! He is nearer far to the brute than we—and he harboured forebodings too! And yet the idiot cannot see what the villain's about to do! Sit close, I say, and sit closer still! The closer you sit, the more the thrill!

A. B. M.

RUMOURED TO BE A CADET: "TEDDIE GERARD," AT SANDHURST.



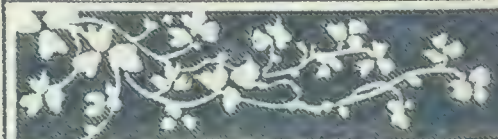
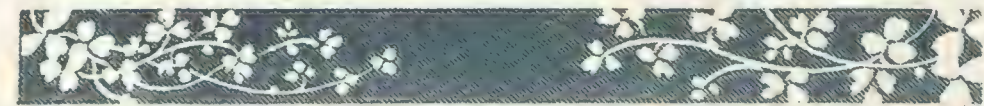
TEDDIE IN THE MASCULINE: A MALE IMPERSONATION OF HER CHARACTERISTIC POSES IN "TAILS UP!"

Miss Teddie Gerard has a dangerous rival, who has been entertaining the officer-cadets of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst with imitations of her characteristic poses. Though you might not think it to look at our photographs, the Sandhurst Teddie is a masculine person, and rumour

relates that he is even an officer-cadet himself. Be that as it may, his impersonation of his fair original in her Apache Rag dance in "Tails Up!" at the Comedy, is—on the evidence of the camera—remarkably convincing. We had no idea that mere man could be so attractive.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GREEN JADE GOD ; AND



PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AND PREMIER DANSEUR IN "SHANGHAI":

The dancing of Miss Ivy Shilling, ably supported by her partner, Mr. Paul Jakovleff, is one of the most striking and attractive features of "Shanghai". Miss Shilling appears as the Spirit of the Green Jade God, and Mr. Jakovleff as the Spirit of the Green Jade God.

THE WORSHIPPER: DANCERS IN "SHANGHAI."



MISS IVY SHILLING AND MR. PAUL JAKOVLEFF AT DRURY LANE.

"Shanghai," the spectacular operette at Drury Lane. In the second Act they are seen in "The Ballet of the Green Jade God," where Miss Ivy Shilling and Mr. Paul Jakovleff as The Worshipper.—[Photographs (left and right) by Bassano]

HIS LIFE FOR A KISS: A LOVER OF CLEOPATRA.



PREMIER DANSEUR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: M. LEONIDE MASSINE AS AMOUN, IN "CLEOPATRA," AT THE COLISEUM.

In "Cleopatra," with which the Russian Ballet opened its season at the Coliseum, M. Massine takes the part of Amoun, a young Egyptian noble who, forsaking his betrothed, succumbs to the imperious queen, who promises him a kiss at the price of his life. He accepts the condition,

and, the kiss bestowed, drains a cup of poison. M. Massine is one of the most brilliant dancers of the Diaghileff company, and is, moreover, a skilful choreographer, or dance-composer. "The Good-Humoured Ladies," also given at the Coliseum, is his work.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

A. GRACEFUL RUSSIAN BUTTERFLY : "PAPILLON."



DANCING IN THE RUSSIAN BALLET AT THE COLISEUM : MLE. LYDIA SOKOLOVA AS PAPILLON, IN "CARNAVAL."

Mlle Lydia Sokolova is no stranger to the London stage, as were some of the other members of the Diaghileff Ballet which recently opened its season at the Coliseum. She has been seen both at Drury Lane and in classic dances at the London Pavilion. In "Carnaval," of which M. Diaghileff arranged to give three performances last week, she takes the

part of Papillon. In "Cleopatra" she appears as Princess Tahor, whose lover, Amoun, deserts her for the queen, from whom he obtains a kiss at the cost of his life. Her impersonation of the unhappy Princess is very dramatic. Our photographs on the opposite page show M. Massine as Amoun.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



THE YEAR OF GRACE 1918—SOME SMALL SAMPLES.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

HERE is a man I'd give anything (in reason) to meet. No; this isn't an amorous advance! The man I mean is that unique and marvellous and unbelievable individual who, being confined in Eskimoland for five years, only heard some few weeks ago that there was a war on—and what a war! That man must be as refreshing as a green field! I wonder that some enterprising editor has not already lassoed him to get his impressions for his paper. All the more so that this wonderful man is probably now in our midst, having left Lapland to enlist as soon as he grasped that the whole world wasn't mad (in his sense of the word!). Of course, his originality does not lie in the fact that he believed in the craziness of each and sundry, for to everyone the only sane one is always oneself! But to be with that man now must mean to experience afresh, even if per proxy, a succession of small shocks to which we have grown callous. We have arrived at our present state of *warriness* by degrees, by a system of peaceful penetration—is it not?—while that man from so far, with the snow still on his soul, so to speak, must be turning mental somersaults through the cycles of all ages—very much like the unhappy husband in "As You Were,"

Let us imagine that he arrived in lightless London on that famous Friday when the Force was represented by women. There's enough in the fact to make a Lapland-lander (he who lands from Lapland!) sit up. Let us further imagine (it costs nothing, and it is amusing) that, this man being a civilised being, the first thing he should want is a bath—a hot bath, to rest him from his travels (I believe Lapland is cold and distant). Naturally, he couldn't get a hot bath (at least, I can't—can you? If so, do let me come in). He would ask why. He would be told; and would wonder, "Where can I get a hot bath?"

"Go to Chiswick, Sir," he would be told. "Mixed bathing beauty chorus—quite the latest thing."

Being a human man, we'll assume he ran to Chiswick's mixed bath—that warmed him. Being a Londoner, ignorant of geography, that also taught him where Chiswick was! Near a station he met a soldier in a tin hat, and that struck him as very mediæval, and he thought he would get photographed like that.

Then he came back to dress. When he came down to dinner he attracted much attention, not to say suspicion, for he did not limp, neither had he any arm in a sling, and his head wore no bandage! Some of the conversation surprised him—

"I saw your photograph in last week's *Trumpet*, Lady Phyllis—a ripping photo!"

"D'you mean the one on my knees, scrubbing floors?"

"No; that sweet one with the pigs and the pitchfork."

He looked at Lady Phyllis's hands; they were the pink (and white) of perfection.

"Yes; it's not bad. I sent it to Reggie to hang in his dug-out."

"Dug-out"? He wondered; he was told. "The cave age," he thought.

A sweet old lady at the next table was saying with great gusto, "It seems that when you release a bomb——"

But the catch-phrase that ran around was "Got your sugar-box?"

"When I was last in London," thought he, "they used to say 'If I catch you bending,' and in Paris '*Très peu pour moi*'" ("Very little for me"). It is still very little, dear Sir, literally!

A bell was heard in the street above the traffic. "A fire?" he asked. "No; only an ambulance," smiled the flapper in the big bow. "Looking for matches? There is a night-light behind you." They talked of all sorts of things—yes, of cabbages and Kings, and from China to Peronne—but of China especially, as it was the first night of "Shanghai."

He wanted to know more of the war, but they would not oblige

him in that. "Oh, it's the same old war—so stale; but we have lots of new revues!"

The waiter came and inquired gently, "Single, Sir?"

"What—what d'you say? What does that matter to you, my man?"

"Single or double, Sir?"

"I am not engaging a room here."

They explained it was not a case of space but liquid, and he had to hurry up if he wanted that liqueur. We will suppose he said "Single"—m'yes!

Then they gave him the choice of a show—"Tails Up," "Tabs," "Telling the Tale." It all sounded so engaging and elevating—he wanted to see them all, in case he might be sent to the Front the very next day. He came from far, you see, and didn't know Whitehall's little ways. Then after the show (it does not really matter which) he wanted to dance, and was taken to the Grafton Galleries. He found that, as he did not know the fox-trot nor the one-step, and that nothing else was played, he couldn't dance.

Two girls were discussing frocks near him. "I've only got one air-raided gown in my trousseau, but Cyril says he thinks it will be sufficient—not many occasions to wear it now! It's knitted in canary wool over a layer of emerald-green—it looks quite cheerful in a basement. Just a one-piece frock—you wriggle yourself into it—and it's drawn in very tight with a knitted hem around the calves, so that if you are blown about you still keep your decorum—and enormous pockets, my dear, for pearls and things."

"I've no special raid gown," said the other woman enviously; "but, of course, I don't budge without *Ninette et Rintintin*!"

"Fond mother!" thought the Laplander.

"Aren't they sweet?" shrieked the first girl, gushing over two horrid little wool mascots.

"We called those golliwogs in my time," said the man.



"He couldn't dance."

AT HOME: THE HEROINE OF "ROXANA"; AND THE DUKE.



WITH HER HUSBAND—AND LEADING MAN—MR. BASIL SYDNEY: MISS DORIS KEANE, WHO IS BACK AT THE LYRIC.

The return to the London stage of Miss Doris Keane—the delightful actress whose great success, "Romance," might have adopted the lines of Tennyson's "Brook" and boasted that "Men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever"—is very welcome. She has that charm which is irresistible; and, although the new play, in which she has already been seen at Eastbourne, is described by her as an

"exhilarating comedy," it is sure to prove fascinating, and is said to be as "novel" as any "love-story" can be. Miss Keane's husband, Mr. Basil Sydney, plays the only Englishman in the piece—the Duke of Moreland—and the former heroine of "Romance" is a rich young American widow. The scene of "Roxana" is "Palm Beach." The play, which is by Avery Hopwood, is due at the Lyric Theatre to-day (Sept. 18).

Photograph by Howard M. King



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



IT might, perhaps, have been wiser to publish "A Floating Home" for private circulation only. The book so fascinated me that I am now resolved to buy a barge myself, for £130 and extras, and live afloat on the Thames, and pay no more rent and no more rates and taxes. It is bound to cast the same spell on other readers; and if the river is before long so crammed with residential barges that there is no room for their own to get by, Messrs. Ionides and Atkins will have nobody but themselves to blame. They give details of what it will all cost you, picture the life so alluringly, explain how you may convert the barge into the most comfortable of homes, and by always anchoring within reach of a railway station proceed to your business in town every day without difficulty, that you feel it is ridiculous to waste money on landlords and rate-collectors by living in a house on shore.

They tell capital tales of the quaint characters they came across in their wanderings, but are mistaken in supposing that W. W. Jacob's skippers are abstractions and not recognisable as Essex men. I know an old inn on the Essex coast where you can meet skippers who talk in the true Jacobean manner and look as if they had sat to Will Owen. Either Jacobs studied them or they have read his stories and are living up to his patterns. Arnold Bennett's impressionistic water-colour drawings of the scenery through which the river home floats are full of charm. In his distant view of Maldon, that little town rather resembles one of those indigestible sugar decorations we used to have on top of expensive pastry before the war; but it may be Maldon's own fault for looking like that—I don't know.

"Disloyalty" brings you ashore, and plunges you right into the little war that is raging behind the great one. Harold Owen is already known as the sworn foe of the Pacifist, and the indictment of Pacifism in his new book is the fiercest thing of the kind I have read anywhere. He charges the apostles of peace-at-any-price and peace-by-immediate-negotiation with inaccuracies and inconsistencies of statement, with flatly contradicting one week what they confidently asserted a few weeks before, and quotes chapter and

and fine gifts, and it is easy to forgive Mr. Brown, as an enthusiast, for belauding those gifts extravagantly at the expense of Shakespeare and Rossetti; but he gains nothing by going out of his way to sneer at Shaw as a "pompous trifier," nor by his attempts to belittle Masfield.

I opened W. J. Dawson's "The Father of a Soldier" with apprehension, lest I should find him yielding to the temptations of



AS IT IS DONE IN JAPAN: AT A PICTURE EXHIBITION IN TOKIO.

With exhibitions of pictures so popular in this country, it is interesting to note the Japanese manner of showing works of art.—[Photograph supplied by C.N.]

his theme and wallowing in sentiment. But he does not do that. The sentiment is restrained, and the book resolves itself into a close analysis of his own feelings at the prospect of losing his son in the war. At the outset, he tried to dissuade his son from joining the Army, and when he had joined, went in fear of the worst; but by degrees he rose above self, found his soul, and so completely shared his son's courage and ideals that when the son, going back after being home on leave, asked him, "If you knew that I was going to be killed within the next month, would you rather I went or stayed?" he was able to answer, "Much rather you went." It must be the experience of thousands in these days.

"Our Admirable Betty" carries you back to the early days of George I., and is as gaily, glamorously romantic as anything Jeffery Farnol has written. His Major d'Arcy and Sergeant Tring are pleasantly reminiscent of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, but younger; and in place of the widow there is the young and charming Betty to play havoc with the heart of the shy Major, and the Major's buxom, lively housekeeper, Mrs. Agatha, to teach the arts of love to the Sergeant; and no lack of suspense and adventure and stirring incident before they win through to a joyous ending.

In "The Years for Rachel," Berta Ruck is more serious than is usual with her. The heroine says in a foreword: "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had of her." The modern war-bride might wonder, 'But how did those years seem to Rachel herself?' Well, perhaps I, Gwen Brook, should be competent to give an opinion. My own was a long engagement. It lasted nearly ten years." An excellent story, and a happy one, for in the end she fell in love with another man and married him after an engagement of two days.

By way of contrast, "Gunrud the Fair," instead of waiting long years for one husband, married three in quick succession. Baldly stated, that does not sound romantic; but Maurice Hewlett has fashioned his story out of two ancient sagas, and has woven them into a vigorous, realistic romance of the old world

BOOKS TO READ.

- A Floating Home. By Cyril Ionides and J. B. Atkins. (Chatto and Windus.)
 Disloyalty. By Harold Owen. (Hurst and Blackett.)
 Lord Alfred Douglas. By W. Sorley Brown. (Galashiels: McQueen.)
 The Father of a Soldier. By W. J. Dawson. (John Lane.)
 Our Admirable Betty. By Jeffery Farnol. (Sampson, Low.)
 The Years for Rachel. By Berta Ruck. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Gunrud the Fair. By Maurice Hewlett. (Constable.)



STARTING TO ZIG-ZAG IN PARIS: MISS DAPHNE POLLARD; MISS IDA ADAMS, AND MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG (LEFT TO RIGHT).

Members of Mr. Albert de Courville's "Zig-Zag" company are here seen, at Waterloo Station, about to start for Paris, where they are to appear at the Folies Bergère.

Photograph by L.N.A.

verse from their own writings to drive his charges home. Personally, I have always felt that the views of the extreme pacifist were too irrational to be worth taking seriously—that, if he could not see how the hard facts we are up against made nonsense of his gospel, it was a waste of time to "give him two black eyes for being blind." Mr. Owen thinks otherwise.

Shaw is born to trouble, and gets some in "Lord Alfred Douglas, The Man and the Poet," by W. Sorley Brown. If you have read Lord Alfred's "City of the Soul," you will know he is a poet of true



EVIDENCE

ANYTHING THAT MAKES CLEAR TO THE MIND:
CERTAINTY: DEMONSTRATION: PROOF

One very small fact may be sufficient evidence to establish a very large truth. A multiplicity of facts, all demonstrating the same certainty, affords *overwhelming* evidence of the truth of a statement, or of the basis of a value.

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THE CONSTABLE: No, Mum; not, leastways, as long as you don't put one foot on the rails and the other on the overhead wire, Mum.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



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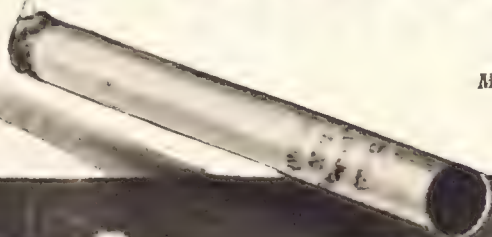
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WEEDING-OUT THE HOTEL CECIL: MR. COSMO BONSOR'S TASK. By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

GR EAT is the interest, in the Hotel Cecil and the various annexes of the Air Ministry, in the results of the new "Air Inquiry," decreed by Lord Weir concerning the staff of that much-populated establishment. Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, who has been appointed to conduct the inquiry, is a railway director of considerable experience, best known for his connection with the old South-Eastern Railway. If he did not succeed in speeding-up that concern, he did, at any rate, bring off an amalgamation with the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, which was distinctly to the advantage of the districts which were formerly so badly served by both. Let us hope that he will be equally successful in improving affairs at the Air Ministry. It used to be a stock joke against the South-Eastern that passengers were requested not to get out and pick the flowers along the line while the train was in motion. And speeding-up the *personnel* at the Hotel Cecil looks very like being as tough a job as speeding-up the South-Eastern would have been if Mr. Bonsor had tried it. The probability is that he will not try, but will merely weed out the inefficient and the unnecessary, and leave the efficient people with free hands to get on with the war.

Lord Weir's Driving Force.

It used to be commonly believed, among those who were on the inside of things, that when Mr. William Weir (as he then was) first came to the Air Board (as it then was) at the very beginning of 1917, he promptly discovered that it would be useless to try to re-organise the system then in being, as that would have meant scrapping the whole thing and starting afresh, so he simply set to work to push the whole mass along in front of him. At that time there was urgent need of "more and more, and yet more, aeroplanes," as Lord Cowdray said, so the thing was to get them out, without wasting time on questions of efficiency. To-day, thanks to Lord Weir's immense driving force, we have got pretty well all the aeroplanes we can possibly use, either for war-flying or for training; so, presumably, there is now time to look round and see about organising a really efficient system, which will result, in due course, in producing still more aeroplanes and engines, and pilots and observers, and *matériel* and *personnel* generally, with a much smaller staff.

Nerves and Organisation.

It will be intensely interesting to see what sort of job Mr. Bonsor makes of the weeding-out process. There are some people who seem to think that every able-bodied man at the Air Ministry ought to go

five minutes, let alone for the ten-hour or twelve-hour working day which is the rule with the more earnest staff officers. Also, there is no guarantee that a man who is suffering from nerves ever has had the right sort of brain to handle organisation.

Some Dispensables. One of the best ways of promoting efficiency would be to weed out quite a number of gallant young men who have done good work on active service, and have been put into office jobs for which they are utterly unsuited just because someone high up was kind-hearted, and thought they were entitled to a "cushy" job. It would be better and cheaper for everyone concerned if some of them were merely given a year's leave on full pay, and told to go and get well. On the other hand, there are also numbers of able-bodied men who are quite as useless, who have spent most of the war in offices, either at the Admiralty Air Department or at R.F.C. Headquarters, and who are now at the Air Ministry as the result of the amalgamation of the R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. They certainly might, with advantage, be sent to see the war, and be taught to use their bodies as well as such brains as they may possess.

The Weeding-Out Process.

There are, in fact, a number of very efficient and able officers employed at the Air Ministry. Some of them are fit in body as well as in mind, and it would do immense harm to the supply of men and machines to the people at the Front if they were taken away. Also there are many damaged officers—not by any means all of them aviators—who are equally valuable; and it would be just as great a mistake to take them away. Mr. Bonsor's task is to find out which are efficient, and which are not, and then to see that the inefficient are weeded out, irrespective of political pull, personal influence, or any other form of "wangling." How he is going to come to a decision in most cases is something of a mystery; for much of the work which is being done is so technical that one would almost need to have grown up with it, if one had to decide correctly whether or no the officials of that particular department were efficient or not.

The Biggest Room In the World.

Naturally, everybody in the place has made up his mind that his particular pet aversions have got to go; but, equally naturally, a great many people will probably be disappointed, and the various factions and intrigues and personal animosities which exist in the Air Ministry, as they have existed in all public departments—not to mention all private businesses—from time immemorial, are not likely to make Mr. Bonsor's work any easier. However, if he succeeds in clearing things up even as well as did the famous "Judicial Committee" in 1916, much good will have been done. That Committee, which sat under Mr. Justice Bailhache, and included General Smith Dorrien, Sir Charles Parsons, and Messrs. Charles Bright, Butcher, Shortt, and Balfour-Browne, had an equally difficult job, for they had to weigh evidence which was not evidence at all, being merely all mere hearsay, yet they arrived at something very like the truth, and recommended many useful reforms, which were duly carried out, especially those contained in the "Minority Report."



FROM THE LADIES OF MILAN TO ITALY'S POET-AIRMAN: THE STANDARD PRESENTED TO D'ANNUNZIO.

Photograph supplied by C.N.



WITH THE AID OF A STEREOSCOPE: AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN ITALY EXAMINING AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

Official Photograph.

straight into the infantry, and that the whole of the office work should be done by crashed or nerve-shattered aviators. As a matter of fact, that is a perfectly fatuous idea; for, in the first place, a nerve-shattered wreck is the last person in the world to be trusted with the intricate problems of supply. He could not tackle them for



STAR TURNS - THEODORA, THE THOUGHT-READER.

I am the Reader of Thoughts, with a marvellous magical mind;
All my Press notices praise me—"Amazing, unique, refined."
Though my eyes are heavily bandaged, my brain, like the best X-ray,
Can pierce to the innermost secrets you jealously hide away.

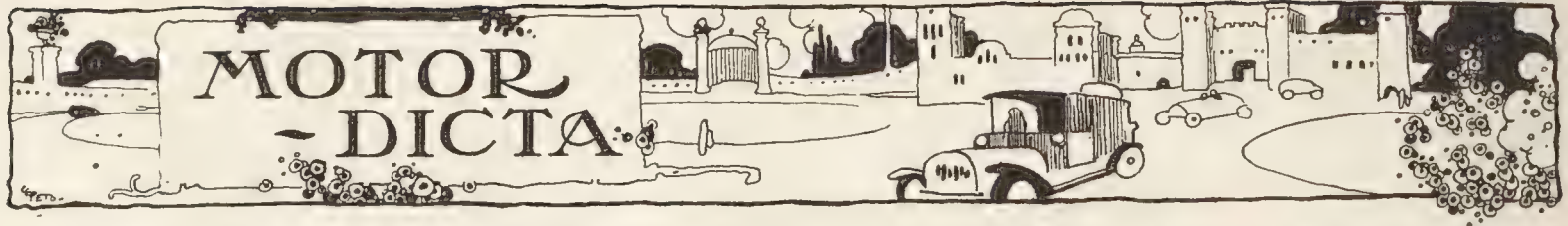
My Husband speeds round the audience, requesting your notes and rings,
I describe them in solemn accents—suppressing unpleasant things.
I know when your gems are jimcrack, I "sense" when your pearls are sham,
But I spare you such sad disclosures like the kind-hearted Seer I am!

I could let off astounding bomb-shells, dumbfounding devoted wives,
But my audience might rise and slay me if I touched upon double lives;
So, having a noble nature, I concentrate skill and brain
On stating if unseen tickets are tram, 'bus, sugar, or train.

The séance is often trying—but I make it a point for pride
When a Cigarette-case is chosen, to "thought-read" the Brand inside.
I find it a sure thing always—though hailed as a lucky guess—
When I cry, "**They're divine Abdullas—you're never content with less.**"

ABDULLA

THE STAR TURN ALWAYS



MOTORS, AEROPLANES, AND TAXATION: A FAMOUS OLD HOSTELRY.

By GERALD BISS.

IT is outside my brief to write about aeroplanes in this article, and I would not for worlds poach by an inch, far less an ell, upon the preserves of my colleague, C. G. Grey; but I would fain ask him why, if the automobile be illogically and unjustly deemed a luxury within the meaning of that much-abused term, the aeroplane should be scrupulously exempt and never so much as mentioned by the despoilers of industry and seekers after pelf?

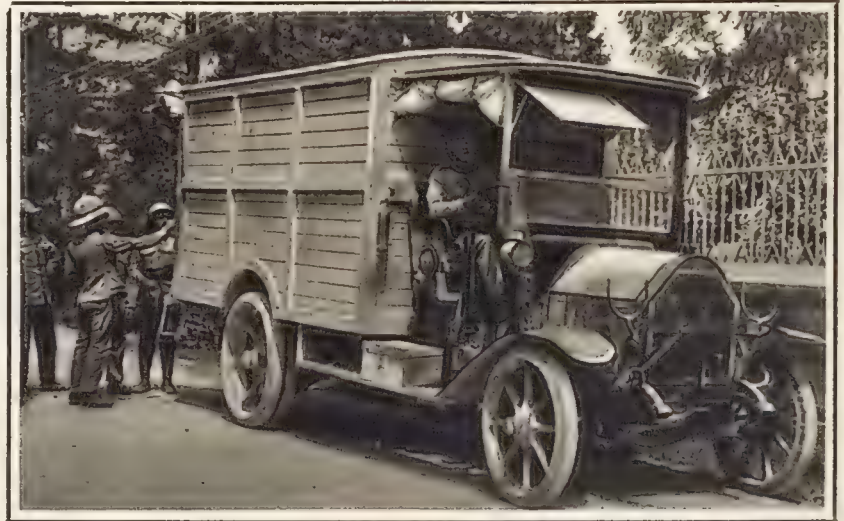
The Auto and Its Child, the Aero.

Heaven forbid that I, keen as I am upon the full and free development of this foster-child of the automobile—nay, more, the connection is umbilical—should suggest such an imposition; but it seems to me that what is sauce for the aero should also be sauce for the auto, and that this omission of the former (which can hardly have been accidental in such a holus-bolus, comprehensive schedule of everything from "undies" to racehorses and steam-yachts) constitutes yet another plea for the exemption of the auto. The arguments against in both cases are identical, save that the balance is actually in favour of the auto, inasmuch as, whereas the embryo aero industry has been established, if not created, by the war, the established auto industry has been disintegrated and blown to the four winds of martial importunity.

An Appeal to the Premier.

Britain has in very truth been a *noverca suorum*, an unjust step-mother, to her own offspring, from start to what looks parlous like the finish to the motor industry; and all the patriot fulminations and filmations of the Premier will not avail to smooth over the injured industry, which has now almost reached the breaking point of incometaxibility of temper after all its four years and more of patriotic endeavour, which has meant so much to the salving of the country. It is a matter, like the police strike and other such ebullitions of departmental mismanagement, that he will be advised to take up personally and pronounce upon in his happy iconoclastic fashion, knocking off the fetters of red tape and prejudice which promise to gyve all efforts at the critical hour of reconstruction. Dora is not to blame, for once, as it will require a special Act of Parliament to authorise this imposition, so unjust in its incidence; but the mention of that arbitrary mistress of our ongoings and incomings reminds me that last Sunday, while perusing a learned treatise on psychopathy, I came across the scientific term "Doro-

industry's point of view—I learn with a glow of satisfaction that Mr. Herbert Frood, of Buxton and "Ferodo" fame in motoring, and Mr. Harry Smith, of Coventry and the "Rovers," have acquired the lease of the famous old Cat and Fiddle, which recently went out of commission either from shortage of beer or an insufficiency of callers in search of the rare and refreshing fruit of the hop-vine.



ALWAYS WELCOME: A TRAVELLING CANTEEN WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN ITALY.

There are a large number of these travelling canteens.—[Official Photograph.]

This ancient inn on the lonely road between Buxton and Macclesfield has long been a favourite house of call for once-upon-a-time motorists before the compulsory immobilisation of their vehicles; and I remember it personally long before there were any wild autos snorting through the land. I was staying up at Buxton—for the cure of somebody else's podagric ills in those days—more years ago than I like to assess, in the days of my youth and innocence, when I used to pad the happy hoof and lost myself upon a juvenile outing on the hills with another small boy; and we were just beginning to get as anxious about ourselves as our dear mothers must have been about us for hours, when we struck the Cat and Fiddle—just such an oasis as the Children of Israel must ever have been on the look-out for in their forty years of sandy perambulation over the unreclaimed Sahara. Never have I welcomed any pub. so joyously, teetotaler as I was in those misguided days! Since then I have never passed there by car—I have always stopped to pour libations.

To "Hididdle-diddle" Again.

Two or three weeks ago I saw with a sad heart that the dear old pub. had put up its shutters, and would "hididdlediddle" no more while the cow jumped over the moon, so it is good news that these two well-known representatives of motoring have arranged to become fully licensed victuallers and preserve it as a "house" not only upon the road, but one to stay at. Two thousand feet above the level of the submarined sea, well out of harm's way, the position needs no Hassall poster to preach that "it's so bracing"; and my only fear is that at such an altitude, from which one can even look down upon unambitious aeroplanes and across to the sea above Wales, one would be liable to use all one's coupons up the first day and have nothing but bacon left for the rest of the week. The two new landlords have taken twenty acres

adjoining, and intend, when Foch has squashed the Boche and restrictions upon building cease to trouble by the extermination of "Dora," to build a comfortable hotel upon the lines of a Swiss chalet to house man and car. The country hotel question will be a more urgent one than ever after the war, and this Ferodo-Rover proposition is a happy harbinger of the revival of the best of the old days combined with the best of the new.



WATER-TANKS: A SCENE WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN ITALY. Every drop of water issued for drinking purposes is distilled.—[Official Photograph.]

phobia." It struck me right between the eyes as not merely psychopathic, but psychological, under the present régime of restriction.

The Cat and Fiddle.

But, to turn to a lighter subject which seems to project a little ray of sunshine across the future of motoring—which at times is apt to look so gloomy and threatening from the motorist's as well as the



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LIMELIGHT.

By
H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is a mad world. Let us—the elect—endeavour to preserve our sanity by retaining our sense of humour. We shall need it more than ever during the dark nights to come.

There is one subject uppermost in all our minds. I will confess I am becoming so obsessed by it that I can hardly sleep at night, even now, when I am warm. (What insomnia has in store for me in the cold, long nights to come, when we go to bed at sunset in order to save coal, I dare not guess.) The problem is—

The Fuel and Lighting Regulations.

There will be a grave shortage of light.

Now the greater the strain of war, the greater the need of amusement. The fighting men have realised this. And as a lover of the drama—simply as one of the theatre-going and theatre-loving public—I beg an answer to one question: *How are our favourite stars to be rationed for limelight?*

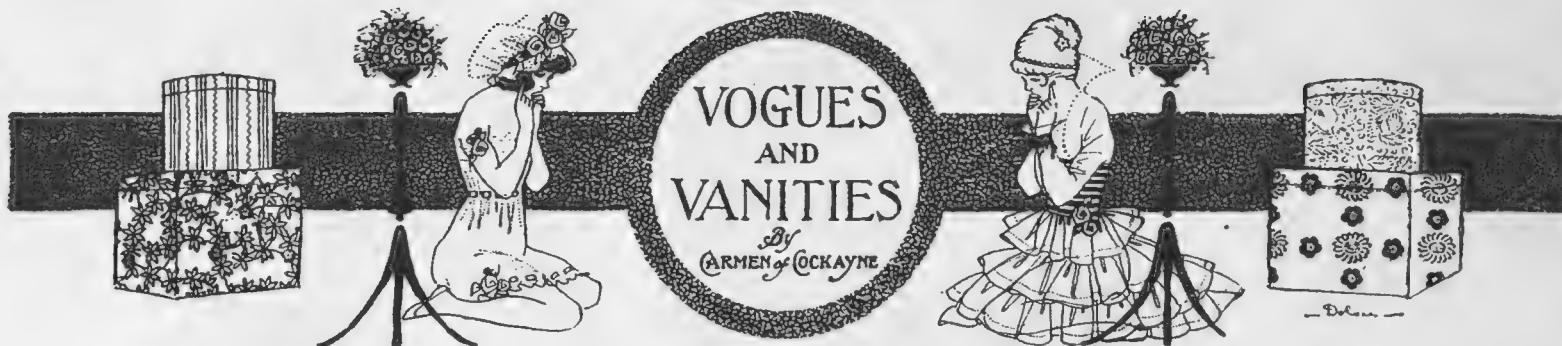
It would be too terrible if one turned into one's pet revue only to find one's favourite leading lady had been fined £100 for exceeding her limelight ration, with the appalling result that she was compelled to play for the rest of the run in twilight, or perhaps in a total "black-out." And think of the shock to Phyllis—"unwearied in war-work"—when she discovers that her matinée idol is a mere voice in the darkness. These contretemps must at all costs be guarded against. After four years of war we are susceptible to shocks.

But perhaps the light coupons will be transferable, and we shall see our idols sometimes, if only by the dim rays of a super's ration.

Leaving the dismal question of darkness and turning to a lighter subject, the House of Pope & Bradley will devote its energies to making warm clothes during a cold winter for the Navy, the Army, the Air Force, and the Taxpayer—the Bureaucracy and the useless amongst the old men must be content with any surplus wool there may be. The prices will not be quite so extortionate as that of gin. Lounge Suits from £7 7s.; Dinner Suits from £10 10s.; Service Jackets from £5 15s. 6d.; Riding Breeches from £4 4s.

Naval and Military Kit List will be forwarded upon application.

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Doing Without.

Economy is still the keynote of the hour. The shortage of coal, if it has done nothing else, has brought home the fact that the list of things one has to "do without" isn't going to grow any shorter this side of the peace which seems to be so much nearer than it was a month or two ago. If going barefooted would help to hasten the return of the men "out there," women would cheerfully walk on feet as Nature made them "till the boys come home." As it is, another bit of economy won't do us any harm—and it may do the dress people a great deal of good. After all, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any profit. Sir Guy Calthrop doesn't ask women to be cold. He merely requests them to economise in fuel, and almost invites them to do the best they can to keep their temperatures up in other ways. With obliging promptitude the dress authorities have risen to the situation. If half the "latest things" in which to keep warm that they have devised for the benefit of women find a good home, there will be quite a respectable profit balance to show for the transactions on the one hand, and a lot of very charmingly turned-out people on the other—and what more could any home-on-leave want?



The necklet is of soft wool, and matches the close-fitting toque.

They Don't Know.

Fashion, as usual, is proving equal to the emergency. If there are people who consider her methods in this direction rather illogical, one has always got to remember that even La Mode can't please everyone. It is, for instance, quite easy to understand the descent of the skirt—no, not literally—to within a few inches of the ground. To give added warmth, of course—and, incidentally, grace—to the wearer. Why these same skirts should assume the slenderest proportions as regards width becomes equally easy of comprehension when it is explained that they accommodate themselves more readily to the coats which women must wear to make up for the absence of the home fire. That a few additional pleats would do the trick equally well without necessitating the purchase of an extra garment is something that is sure to occur to the truly practical person; but what practical person ever professed to understand the motive underlying Fashion's changes of front from season to season?



Black velvet and black-and-white fur can produce the kind of hat that every woman will long to have.

He Didn't Mean to Do It.

Sir Guy didn't mean to do it, but he's given dress artists such an opportunity as they haven't had for many months, and they are very greatly obliged to him for the concession. Dolores shows some of the ways in which they have taken advantage of their position. The sketches suggest that, whatever grounds for criticism there may be in regard to autumn fashions, monotony won't be one of

them. Furs have developed such inflated ideas of their own worth nowadays that only the comparatively few will be able to afford to enlist their help against winter's cold. But still, one can't help thinking that a black-and-white checked scarf like the one shown on this page is an effective as well as effectual substitute for any stole that ever started life on four legs; and there are ways and means of making the most of such pieces of fur as you may happen to possess that are quite in accord with the newest notions on peltry.



After sausage balloons sausage muffs, in which arms as well as hands can shelter.

Suiting Herself to the Times.

Fashion is not often on the side of the economists, though, to do her justice, she never loses an opportunity of making you think she is. This year, however, her advances in the direction of thrift are capable of being turned to practical use. The woman who wants—and what woman does not?—to be really smart can only feel she has achieved her ambition if she owns a striped fur and a sausage muff that can, if occasion requires it, shield her arms as well as her hands. It is true



If soft grey suede and black satin make a hat, there's no reason why mole and ermine should not unite to form a collar.

that an ermine stole "barr'd" with seal musquash is the kind of thing likely to obtrude itself on your notice rather more than one of a more sober type. But the mode is striped this year, and there is an end of the matter, though exactly the form in which you take your stripes is something that is left to the discretion of your pet furrier and the assortment of furs that you happen to own. The greater the contrast between the skins used, the better the result from the modish point of view.



Furs may be expensive, but who would mind economising in a scarf like this?

Three Frocks in One.

An appearance of economy is not confined to furs. One dress that can be worn as three separate and distinct gowns is something to tempt the most careful to reckless buying; and, in the case of the three-piece gown at least, indulgence in haste is not followed by repentance at leisure. The thing can be worked out in different ways, but the idea is always the same—a frock, preferably of some soft, silky material, hemmed and cuffed with some more substantial medium that supplies also a tunic-coat (sleeveless, for there is more to follow), as well as a long-outdoor coat in the depths of which the wearer has nothing to fear from wind or weather. Very little imagination is wanted to see the possibilities of usefulness contained in such a toilette, or the infinite scope it affords the dressmaker with ideas.



Fur stoles can have pockets this year; the better to keep your hands warm, my dear.

NO-SOAK · NO-SOAK · NO-SOAK



Weather-Armour for "little men" and maidens!

BOB and Betty need raincoats in this uncertain climate. Here's one that's rainproof as a duck's back—the "No-Soak" Trench Coat for girls or boys. Its special points are: First, it buttons either way. Secondly, it is made of sturdy, steadfast, pre-war twill—stands the bitterest blast or downpour, and yet is light enough for comfort. Thirdly, it is double-proofed at the shoulders—usually a vulnerable point. Fourthly, it is pre-war quality at pre-war price. Other advantages—Raglan shape—sets snugly and hangs gracefully—smart belt with leather-covered buckle—collar takes two positions. Suitable for bairns of six upwards to "men" and maidens of fifteen. Only a few hundred in stock—no repeats in war-time.

SAMPLE OFFER

We want you to see and handle this coat—the average prices are given for each age. We will forward the coat against your remittance, and will at once refund the amount on return, less 6d., to cover postage and packing, if it does not meet with your entire approval. We secured this material of pre-war quality at practically pre-war price. There are a few hundred garments only, and the opportunity cannot occur again until after the war. Call or write to-day.

Age	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Average length from collar seam	26"	27½"	30"	32"	34"	35¾"	37¾"	40"	41½"	43"
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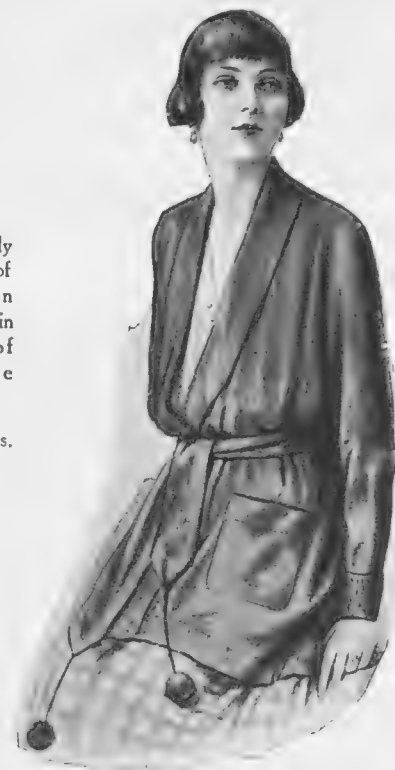


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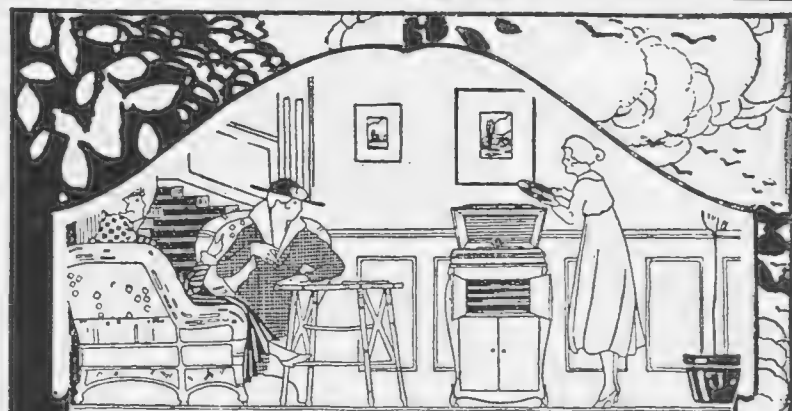
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KEEP your stock of 'His Master's Voice' records up-to-date, so that you are always able to entertain your guests, as well as enjoy many pleasant hours yourself, with the finest music of the day sung and played by the original artists. The finest Audition Rooms in London and every Record in Stock. If you are unable to call—send for one of our catalogues—select whatever records you wish—and they will be sent to you through the post without delay.

The WEST END
GRAMOPHONE SUPPLY CO. LTD.
94 REGENT STREET
LONDON, W.1.
TELEPHONE 224-225, 226
GERRARD

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Taken the Knock. There are things which make us very proud of our country. Of course, when we are really proud we never say so—that is too like the Huns, who say so all the time, even when what they are proudest of is being beaten. One of the things that we feel pride in, in our very bones, is the work of a great firm like Vickers, Ltd. In all the preoccupation of their stupendous work for war, they have a new model of a sewing-machine which sews back and forth without removing the work, and has a vibrating shuttle and all modern improvements. This is part of the offensive of the trade war, for Germany sold us a tremendous lot of sewing-machines. There are magnetos, mechanical lubricators, hardness comparators, plug screw-gauges, light Alloy Duralmin, boiler-tube scrapers, variable delivery pump, and variable speed-gear. All these, and many other triumphs in engineering work, are going to give Germany hard knocks in trade when she has taken the knock in war.

The Draught of Healing. If water cost us five shillings a bottle, what a delicious drink we should think it! There is a water worth that, although it costs much less—a sample dozen will, indeed, be delivered for 7s. 6d. to any address in London. This is the Alpha brand of Malvern Water; and 2s. will be refunded on a dozen empty bottles returned. Sir Henry Thomson, in his treatise on "Food and

Feeding," says, "No purer water exists in any natural source than that of our own Malvern springs; no foreign waters of any kind are so pure or so cheap." The health-giving and preserving qualities of Malvern waters have been recognised for nearly three hundred years, and the Alpha brand gives it at its purest and best. It makes perfect tea, and also soda, potash, seltzer, lithia, and lemonade. Sparkling Malvern is the plain, pure, soft water slightly aerated; it is a splendid help against gout or rheumatism. If any difficulty is met with in obtaining it, a card to W. and J. Burrow, Ltd., The Springs, Malvern, will bring the address of the nearest retailer. A little booklet, "The Springs of Malvern," will be sent on application, and it is interesting reading and gives the analysis of the water.

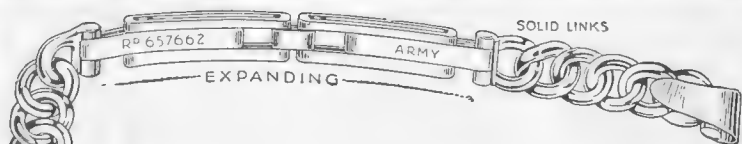
The Real "Thank You." One thing that the war has made familiar to all our eyes

is puttees. There are puttees and puttees, and woe betide the witless wight who, being commissioned to send a pair to a fighting man, does so without exercising discrimination. Boyd's Elastic Puttees are the correct thing; they possess all the qualities which these leg-supports ought to possess. They are elastic, and cut to the shape of the legs, which they grip and prevent muscle-weariness; they are waterproofed, durable, and interchangeable; and are fastened by patent hooks top and bottom, making them easy to put on and take off. One can get them in light or dark khaki, in dark-blue, or in black. They not only prevent but cure varicose veins. Men know them so well and

(Continued overleaf.)

An alluring boudoir cap of white georgette, white lace, and a Marabout pompon, to say nothing of strings of gold ribbon.

Some yellow georgette, a Saxe-blue ribbon, and tiny pinkish roses form a dainty and very eighteenth-century looking boudoir cap.



The "ARMY" Expanding Wristlet, in Solid Silver Curb with Gold Rustless Springs, has been brought out in response to the repeated requests from men on Active Service for a really reliable wristlet. The great strength is in the solid curb chain, and the two expanding links, fitted with finely tempered gold springs, which are rustless and of just the right tension to hold the wristlet and watch in any desired position, without slipping or sliding. Never any slackness, and cannot get out of order. *Land and Water* says:—"Here is something that just grips the wrist enough to keep the watch in place, yet the grip is so slight that the wearer hardly knows it is there until he wants it." Willingly sent on approval on receipt of price, 21/- post free. Smaller size for Ladies' wear, same price. In 9-ct. gold, £5 10s., also in 15-ct. and 18-ct. gold. Mention exact size of wrist and width of watch from shackle to shackle, and the wristlet to fit you will be sent by return.

The "LAND & WATER" WRIST-WATCH The "Land & Water" Wrist-Watch is dust and damp proof. The movement is fully jewelled and fitted with Micrometer Regulator to give fine adjustment, by means of which it can be regulated never to lose or gain more than 4 seconds per day. Each watch is adjusted and compensated for all positions and temperatures, and is guaranteed to stand all the shocks, jars, and strains to which a wrist watch is subjected under the severest conditions. By far the best watch for men in the Naval, Military, or Air Services.

The "Land & Water" Wrist-Watch in solid silver case, with unbreakable glass and fully luminous dial, £6 0 0

The "Q" Pocket Alarm Watch.

A perfect timekeeper—the "Q" Pocket Alarm Watch assures punctuality in keeping appointments. The Alarm may be set to within a minute of the desired time, and its note is soft and mellow, yet insistent and unmistakable. Even if surrounded by noise its vibrations compel one's attention. At night-time the back of the case opens, so that the watch may be stood at the bedside ready to awaken one in the morning. Fully luminous hands and figures, it is in every way a perfect watch.

Oxidized.

Silver.

White dial, £7 0 0 White dial, £8 5 6
Black do. 7 7 0 Black do. 8 10 0

BIRCH & GAYDON, Ltd.,

Technical and Scientific Instrument
Makers to the Admiralty,
(DEPT. 23).

153, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.
West End Branch: 19, Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1.
(Late John Barwise).

Tel.:
Central 2160

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

MORRIS'S Yellow Seal Cigarettes

for the experienced
and cultured smoker.

Every cigarette smoker who prides himself on being a judge, should try a box of these choice Virginia Cigarettes. They have that subtle touch of refinement, superiority and distinctiveness which stamps them immediately as the cigarette *I've been looking for.*

Estab. 1810.

1/4
FOR
20

B. MORRIS
& SONS,
Ltd.,
LONDON.





Simple TEA FROCK

of our own
Exclusive design.

R. 84.

Tea Frock of rich Chiffon Velvet. Simple crossover bodice, finished with narrow sash to tie at waist, and chiffon sleeves. In various rich colourings.

98/6

Also of heavy Crêpe-de-Chine.
6 Gns.

Fine Black Silk Hose, with
double garter tops.

15/6 per pair.

10-inch - - - 16/-

You can always depend on your requirements by post being attended to promptly by a staff of experienced assistants.

DICKINS & JONES LTD

Regent St London W.1



RICH CHIFFON VELVET REST GOWN

The Rest Gown illustrated here is made from rich quality Velvet by our own highly-skilled workers and cut on most becoming lines, and is specially designed to meet the present demand for warm and practical garments. In view of the quality of material used, is of exceptional value.

CHIFFON VELVET REST GOWN (as sketch), very fully cut on straight lines without fastenings, with long sleeves to the wrist, neck and sleeves trimmed rich skunk, finished at waist with handsome girdle.

PRICE 8½ Gns.

FUR RENOVATIONS AND RE-MODELLING

should be put in hand now, as nearly the whole of the expert English furriers have joined the Army. Orders placed for renovations early in the Season will prevent disappointment which will be unavoidable during the Winter months.

NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1



GOWN DEPARTMENT.

"PAULINE."

Dainty little HOUSE FROCK in Sapphire Blue Crêpe-de-Chine, Embroidered in varied coloured silks. Also in Black, Mole, Grey, Wine, Beige, Terracotta & Jade.

8½ Gns.



Harveys Nichols
Ltd
of Knightsbridge S.W.1

2034

Lotus

DURING September the shops appointed to sell Lotus and Delta will receive the last deliveries of certain all-leather buckle shoes made by Lotus Ltd.

One of them is No. 800 illustrated in this advertisement.

And, because all the leather is gone and there will be no more of these shoes, women are recommended to look ahead this autumn and to buy a pair for next year's wear.

Not so much on account of their remarkably low price,

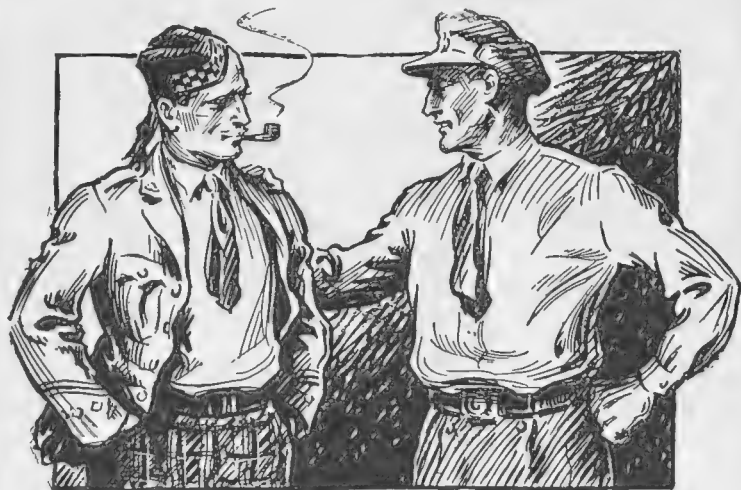
21/- a pair, as on account of the fact that all-leather shoes, particularly in the buckle variety, will be scarce next year.

For the want of leather many thousand pairs of fabric shoes are being manufactured this autumn and winter for women to wear in 1919.

Lotus Ltd, Stafford
Makers of Lotus and Delta Shoes
City Telephone
London Wall
6989



Delta
800—21/-
Agents everywhere



Leonard V. Smith
France 1917

"AZA" Khaki Shirts

THERE is nothing so good at the price as "AZA" Khaki Shirts, and for Active Service wear they cannot be surpassed. They are light, yet warm, soft and non-irritant; unshrinkable, exceedingly durable and healthful in that they readily absorb and radiate away the moisture of the body, thus leaving the pores of the skin unhampered to do their work. Obtainable in regulation shades in Standard and Heavy weights

OF HIGH-CLASS RETAILERS

Should you have any difficulty in obtaining, write to the Manufacturers for name of suitable Retailer.



WM. HOLLINS & CO.,
Ltd. (Trade only),
26 B, Newgate St.,
London,
E.C. 1.

WARLAND DUAL RIM



AS GOOD AS A REST CURE

By comparison with the old-time Warlandless tyre-changing experiences, the lady driver who depends upon Warland Dual Rims has little concern for the tyre trouble of the road. And in the garage the task is even lighter. Because you can change a tube as readily and easily as a tyre, which is exactly the reason why Warlands are in large demand wherever efficiency and quick action are imperative — in peace or in War.

WARLAND DUAL RIM CO., LTD.

Aston, Birmingham.
111, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1.

Telephone: London, 3887 Mayfair.
Telephone: Birmingham 976 East.
Telegrams: Warlanrim, Wesdo, London.
Telegrams: Warlanrim, Birmingham.

BLIGHTY TWEEDS

Hand-woven by Disabled Soldiers and Sailors.



Blighty Tweeds are woven from the finest Scotch yarns, and are ideal for men's and women's overcoats, suits and gowns. They are healthful, rain-resisting and durable, and possess great individuality and artistic merits.

Everyone who uses Blighty Tweeds is making some practical return for the self-devotion of a wounded hero, apart from benefiting herself by the acquisition of a distinctive and serviceable material.

Every piece of Blighty Tweed, as a personal symbol of the War, is marked with the name of the man who has woven it. Burberrys control the entire output of Blighty Tweeds.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON S.W. 1

Enjoyable War-time Fare.

With the help of good Vegetables, Boiled Rice, LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE and a little culinary skill, your meat rations can be made to go a long way and produce a variety of enjoyable dishes.



PLAYER'S Navy Cut Cigarettes

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

**PLAYER'S
GOLD LEAF NAVY CUT CIGARETTES**

In Tins of 100 - 5/4 In Tins of 50 2/8

**PLAYER'S
MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES**

In Card Boxes of 100-4/3 In Card Boxes of 50-2/2½

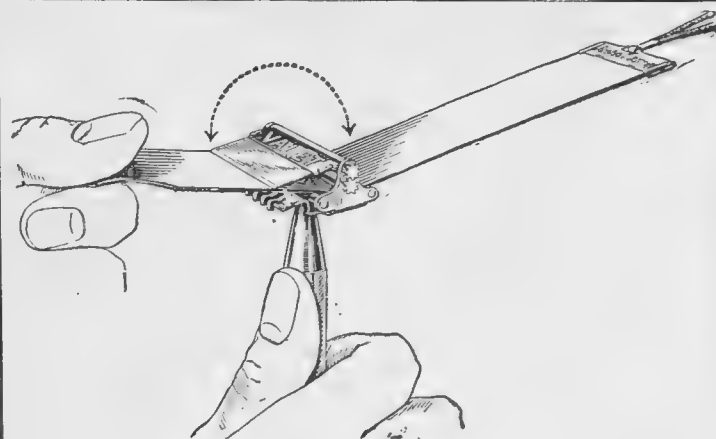


These Cigarettes are also supplied at DUTY FREE RATES for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital

Terms and particulars on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P741 Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



BLADE Economy

The "Valet" AutoStrop is the only safety razor with a self-contained automatic stopping device, and for this reason its blades last, on an average, four times as long as those of the "no-stropping" type. Probably because of this advantage, and also of the cheapness of "Valet" blades, the public do not always exercise economy in their use. The following hints will enable users to get even more than the two months' service which is claimed as the *average* life of a single "Valet" AutoStrop blade :

Use no abrasive strop dressing, and keep your strop free from grit.

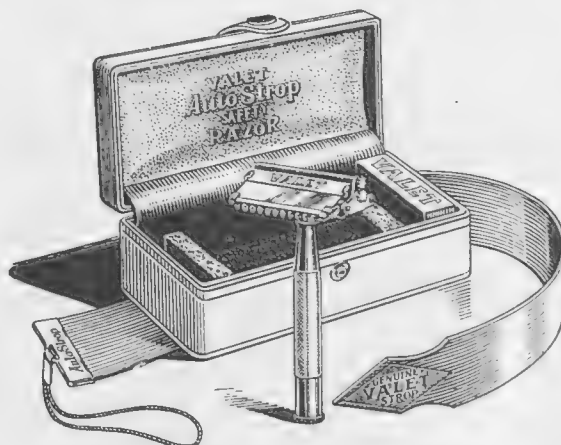
Don't over-strop—10 seconds daily will keep your blade in the pink of condition.

Don't let anything hard touch the blade edge.

Hold the blade almost flat against the face. It shaves better, besides lasting longer.

There is no shortage of "Valet" blades at present, but in view of constantly increasing manufacturing difficulties reasonable judgment and economy should be exercised in their use.

"VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor



The word "Valet" on Razors, Stropps, and Blades indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1.

The
PERFECT SHIRT
for LADIES WEAR.

CELES

TAILORED SHIRTS

THESE EXCEPTIONALLY WELL TAILORED SHIRTS ARE MADE FROM A PURE SILK CREPE. IN STRIPES. CHECKS, PLAIN COLOURS & IVORY, ALL FAST COLOURS.

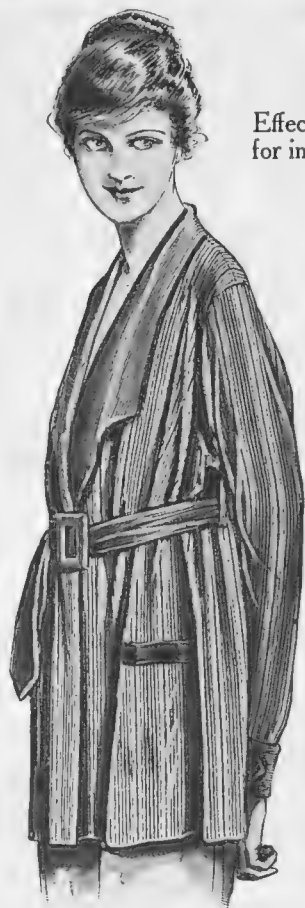
CELES IS SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR ITS SPLENDID WEAR AND THE CONTINUED FRESHNESS OF APPEARANCE AFTER REPEATED WASHINGS.

CELES SHIRTS MAY BE HAD FROM ALL THE BEST DRAPERY HOUSES.

EVERY SHIRT BEARS THIS TRADE MARK

CELES

Gorrings



Effectively designed Golfers
for indoor or outdoor wear.



Seasonable and Fashionable
Garments in distinctive and
exclusive styles.



Dalbeattie Child's Coat.

As illustrated. Artificial Silk:
Sky, Purple, Buff, Pink, Rose
or Brown. A very pretty
design: sizes range from
16 to 27 inches.
From 22/6

"Lossiemouth."

New Square-Neck Jumper
in bright best quality
Artificial Silk; smocking in front; an attractive
Garment for indoor wear. Purple, Navy, Saxe,
Lemon, White, Champagne,
Amethyst, Sky or Helio 49/6

"Ayr."

Smart Sports Coat in Brushed Wool. Warm and
Light, with becoming Roll Collar. Belt at waist
fastening with buckle. Black, White, Navy,
Grey, Brown, Bottle, Covert, Cham-
pagne, Purple, Cerise or Rose 63/-

"Montrose."
Superior Coat for Hotel or House; Handsome
striped design in heavy quality Ribbed Spunsilk.
Stocked in Black/White, Sky/White, Purple/
White, Navy/White, Royal/White,
or Saxe/White. Splendid value ... 95/-

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1.

**Why Public
Demands
cannot be met**



THE fact that Wolsey should be difficult to get, is but one of the discomforts of war conditions. Growing demands for Army and Navy have impelled the Government to control the manufacture of all woollen underwear for civilian needs—with the result that public demands for Wolsey cannot now be fully met.

Wolsey

Pure Wool Underwear

Wolsey for years has fought the battle of British underwear against German in the markets of the world—and Wolsey worth has won. When Government permits it, however, British made Wolsey will again enter the struggle. On a fair field, victory must lie with Wolsey.

THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.



**DISTINCTIVE
HATS
FOR EARLY
AUTUMN WEAR**



ADAPTED from the latest Paris Models and made in our own workrooms by highly skilled workers.

MODEL HAT, in Panne,
with Angora crown and
bow of panne.

Price 5 Gns.

MEN'S KHAKI SOCKS,
light and dark shades, with
double toe,

4/11
6 for 28/6

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

NOTE.—This Establishment will
be closed on Saturdays until
further notice.

PETER ROBINSON'S

*Smartness & Economy
in Autumn Fashions*

Three typical examples of the new styles in Coats, Suits and Millinery for the Coming Season.



E 70

The "ANGORA." Sports Tam, particularly soft and becoming; finished with wool ornament. In white and a few colours - - - - - **42/-**



The "BROADHURST."



The "SYLVIA"

The "SYLVIA" Wrap Coat in fine Velour Cloth; light yet warm; large collar of Seal Coney; all-round belt; half-lined silk. In beaver, navy, bottle, fawn, and black - **14 Gns.**

The "BROADHURST" Coat and Skirt in Gaberdine and Wool Velour; for full figures; collar and cuffs of mole or black-dyed Fur. In navy, black, & new shades **12½ Gns.**

Peter Robinson Ltd. Oxford St. W1



BARKERS

WELL KNOWN ECONOMY VALUES

GIRLS' SUITS

FOR AUTUMN SCHOOL WEAR.

The serviceability of Children's Clothes depends on the quality of the materials and thoroughness in making up. Barker suits have a reputation which is in itself a recommendation.

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.



600. Useful Maid's WRAP COAT in Blanket Frieze, in Golden Brown. Grey ... **5 Gns.** PRICE Also in Blanket Cloth, Bottle, Nigger. Price for 27 in. ... **4 Gns.**



200. SMART TAILORED COAT in Blanket Cloth. The rever can be worn closed to the neck. In Navy, Saxe, Bottle, and Nigger. Price **59/6** Rising 2/- every 3 inches.



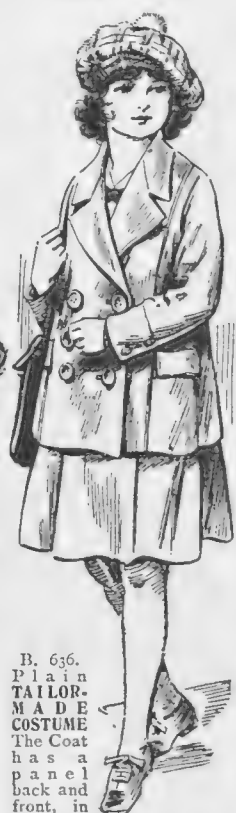
B. 618. Girl's Tailor-made COSTUME in West of England Serge. Price for 11 years, Rising 3/- a size. Also in Coating Serge. Price **105/-** Rising 6/- a size.



B. 621. Warm WINTER COAT for Girls 5 to 12 years. In Blanket Cloth. Body and sleeves lined. In Navy, Violet, Nigger, Saxe, Bottle. Price for 24 in. Rising 4/- every 3 in. up to 39 in. **52/6**



B. 622. SCHOOL COAT in Blanket Cloth. Body and sleeves lined. In Navy, Violet, Nigger, Saxe, and Bottle. Price for 30 in. ... **63/6** Rising 4/- every 3 in.



B. 636. Plain TAILOR-MADE COSTUME The Coat has a panel back and front, in West of England Serge. Price for 11 years, Rising 3/- each size. Also in Coating Serge, **96/-**, rising 6/- each size.

John Barker and Company, Ltd., Kensington, W. 8.

VENN'S UNDIES

The Original House for Regimentally-Crested and Dainty Undies.



For all that is dainty in under attire
To capture the fancy—one could not desire
Selections more varied, more choice, or more sweet
Than seen at Venn's, Limited, Conduit Street.
To suit ev'ry taste, without fail they succeed
In showing you just what you wish, or you need
In camisoles, knickers, or neat silken hose
In sweetest variety. Let me propose
You pay them a visit, when next in the West,
They'll please you completely and serve you the best.



VENN'S, Ltd.,
14-15, Conduit Street, W.

Telephone: Mayfair 1407.



Nightly 47

A pretty design in Gathered
Crêpe, edged lace (as
sketch) **47/6**

Or with any Crest, Emblem or Monogram embroidered, 7/6 extra. In Ivory, Black, Pink, Sky, Rose, Peach, Apricot, Champ, Helio, Lemon, Sulphur, Jade, Grey, Emerald.



No. 27.

Gami-Knickers, in Crepe,
dainty three-in-one garment, form-
ing Camisole, Knickers,
and short Skirt **49/6**

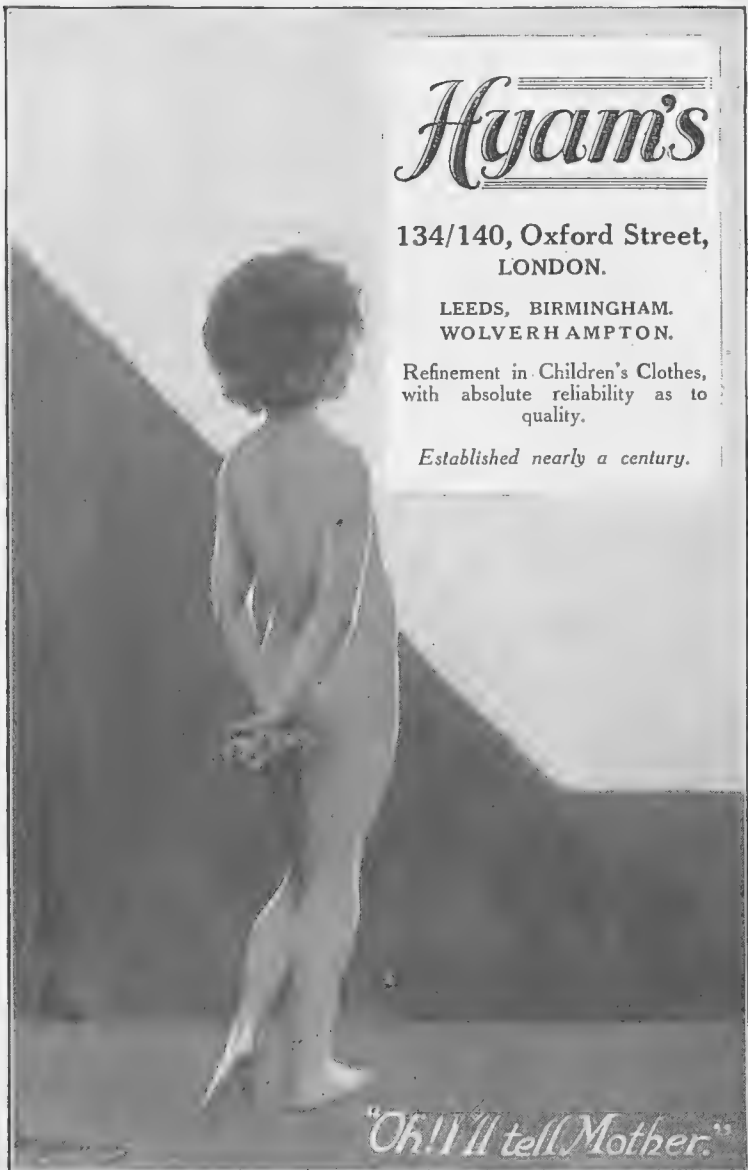
Hyam's

134/140, Oxford Street,
LONDON.

LEEDS, BIRMINGHAM.
WOLVERHAMPTON.

Refinement in Children's Clothes,
with absolute reliability as to
quality.

Established nearly a century.



"Oh!! I'll tell Mother."

KNITTED COATS

PRACTICAL, useful and
becoming, in a variety
of exclusive designs.

FLEECY WOOLLEN
KNITTED COAT in
quite a new style, made
from superior quality
wool yarn. In various
colours with contrasting
fronts. Our own exclu-
sive design.

Price **73/6**

SOFT VELOUR WRAPS
FOR MEN. in Natural,
myrtle, oyster, terracotta and
amethyst,
18/6



**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

NOTE.—This Establishment will
be closed on Saturdays until
further notice.

THE IDEAL GIFT

is always a necklet of

Ciro PEARLS

They certainly are the most appreciated gift you can give.

Here are only three of many hundreds of letters we are continually receiving from satisfied clients:—

Pearl Necklet to hand on the 11th inst. I must thank you for giving my order such immediate attention.

The Pearls are lovely, and I am more than delighted; 'tis a small price and big value. I did not expect to get such beautiful pearls for a guinea, and I mean to have other articles from you at an early date—I am so well pleased.

Please let me say how delighted I am with the necklet I bought from you. It more than carries out the promise contained in your brochure, and is a real work of art. I also note that there are more pearls on my string than on the one advertised.

I received the pearl necklace safely yesterday, and I am exceedingly pleased with it. It is really quite indistinguishable from a real rope I have. . . . I have never seen a better imitation pearl chain.

*What more can we offer you than to return
you your money if the recipient is not satisfied?*

We will send you a Necklet, a Ring, or Jewel with *Ciro* pearls on receipt of £1.1.0. Wear either for a week. Compare it with the finest of genuine pearls or the highest-priced artificial pearls. If you are not satisfied, or if your friends can tell it is not real, return it to us, and we will refund your money in full.

CIRO PEARLS are sold at one price only. Whether a gorgeous string of pearls, a ring, a brooch, a pair of earrings, or any jewel, no matter what size pearl you require, the price is £1.1s. The mountings are as exquisite as if the pearls were genuine.

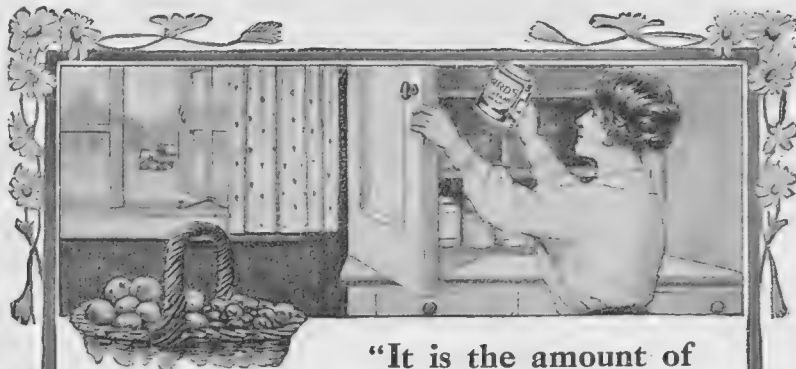
Our Showrooms are situated on the first floor at **42, Piccadilly, W.1.** (directly opposite Prince's Restaurant). If you cannot call and see our Pearls, send us your order; it shall have our intelligent, careful service.

The *Ciro* Scientific Pearl Co., Ltd. (Dept. 5).



*This is a photographic reproduction of a *Ciro* Pearl Necklet, also Single Pearl Ring. Price £1.1.0 each. (including case, 2/- extra.)*

Descriptive Booklet No. 5 on request



**"It is the amount of
nourishment that counts—not the
amount of food."**

This is important in these days of War rations. By carefully selecting the daily meals, Mothers can do much to maintain the pre-War standard of nourishment, even if the amount of food be less.

For instance, when you use a pint of milk to make a Bird's Custard, you add 25% to the amount of nourishment of the milk—"A very high achievement," says a famous scientist.

Thus, Bird's Custard adds enormously to the food value of milk, and in addition, transforms it from a thin fluid into a creamy satisfying dish.

Bird's Nutritious Custard

should always be served with stewed fruits. Remember also that fruit and puddings served with Bird's Custard require little or no sugar.

C3932

Köpatine Shampoo Powders

Grey hair, when treated with the famous "*Köpatine*" *Al-khanna* Shampoo Powders, can be immediately and permanently restored to its natural colour or given just the beautiful tint required.

A personal visit to the *Köpatine* Salons is recommended wherever possible, but "*Köpatine*" *Al-khanna* Shampoos can also be used in the privacy of your own home without difficulty. Guaranteed harmless. In packets. For whole head, 6/6; for half head, 3/6; for fringe, 1/3. Full directions in each packet.

Köpatine No. 1 is just a good, plain shampoo. Gives the hair a lovely natural sheen. 3d. per packet; 5 for 1/-; 12 for 2/6

Köpatine No. 2 (for dull or slightly faded hair) brings out the natural beauty of colouring which lies dormant in everyone's hair. 1/- per packet; 3 for 2/6; 5 for 3/6

Write for booklet, "*Beauty from a Persian Garden*."

Köpatine preparations may be obtained from your usual Parfumeur or post free direct from

KÖPATINE CIE (Dept. 10) 34 Buckingham Palace Rd.
LONDON, S.W. 1



Telephone:
2464 Gerrard

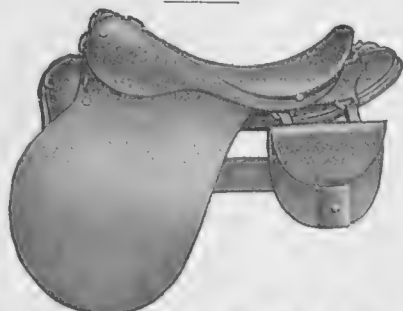
Telegrams:
"Cavesson, London."

GEORGE PARKER & SONS

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Have the
Largest Stock
of New and
Secondhand

Military, Polo and
Hunting Saddles,
Bridles, Harness,
Leather Bags,
and Trunks
in the World.



Manufacturers
of

All kinds of
Leather Equipment
Sam Browne Belts,
Leggings, and
Spurs and Straps.

**17, 18, & 19, UPPER ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.**

The FASHION for STOCKINETTE

At the present time stockinette is particularly fashionable, and we have now in stock a variety of garments made in this attractive material, both in coats and skirts, also coats and coat frocks.

WOOLLEN STOCKINETTE SUIT (as sketch). An exclusive model made expressly for Debenham & Freebody in new Autumn shades, lined with same material of a contrasting colour, and trimmed with rich quality fur.

FUR RENOVATIONS AND RE-MODELLING

should be put in hand now, as nearly the whole of the expert English furriers have joined the Army. Orders placed for renovations early in the Season will prevent disappointment which will be unavoidable during the Winter months.

NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1



FORT-REVIVER

FORTIFIES the FORTIES

Fort-reviver has a flavour all its own that is as delicate and delightful as the bloom on the sun-kissed fruits from which it is compounded. It is a most Beneficial Stimulant, and possesses wonderful fortifying and reviving powers.

When you feel a bit run down it is just the thing to bring you up to the mark again—and keep you there.

NEWMAN'S FORT-REVIVER

A LIQUEUR TONIC



Luscious, Fresh,
and British.

Fortifies and Revives

Fruit Food Double Highly Concentrated

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

5/6 Large Size Bottle.

3/9 Smaller Size Bottle.

Should you find any difficulty in obtaining Newman's "Fort-reviver" apply to H. & C. NEWMAN, London Office,

41/42, UPPER RATHBONE PLACE, W.



Personality in Dress

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FEIDLER GRAND, in Ebonised Case. Length 6 ft. 6 in. Ivory Keys; three legs. Very reliable and high-class instrument. Even balance of power throughout the entire keyboard. **Sale Price, Gns. 68**

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PLEYEL GRAND, in Walnut Case. Length 5 ft. 10 in. A piano for the school-room. The touch is light and responsive, and the tone free and clear. Easy and agreeable to sing to. **Sale Price, Gns. 68**

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CRAMER PLAYER GRAND PIANO-FORTE. Length 6 ft. Dark Rosewood Case. Shop-soiled only. The pneumatic player action is quite up-to-date. 88-note compass. The purity of tone and excellence of touch are a great achievement. **Sale Price, Gns. 268**

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BROADWOOD PLAYER-PIANO, in Rosewood Case. 4 ft. 4 in. high. Takes 65-note standard rolls, metal tubes. An ideal instrument for critical musicians. **Sale Price, Gns. 120**

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CRAMER UPRIGHT, in Ebonised Case. 4 ft. 3 in. high. Oblique strung. Check action. Well finished throughout. Quite a bargain. **Sale Price, Gns. 45**

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COLLARD UPRIGHT, in Rosewood Case. 4 ft. 1 in. high. Overstrung, check action. Nearly new. Marks the highest standard it is possible for an upright to reach. **Sale Price, Gns. 58**

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HARRODS Annual Piano Sale, always the finest Piano-Buying Opportunity of the year, this year offers attractions in many ways unique.

The Government long ago requisitioned practically all materials used in pianoforte-making; this, and the extreme shortage of trained workmen, have resulted not only in reducing the output enormously, but in sending up the price of good instruments to double and sometimes to treble pre-war figures, and further serious price-increases are absolutely certain.

Finest Choice in the Kingdom!

When, therefore, Harrods offer you at very definite bargain-prices, unquestionably the finest and most representative stock of high-class Pianos and Player-Pianos in the Kingdom; when they say you shall have any Piano to test in your own home for three clear months, and that they will cheerfully exchange it free of cost if you are not delighted; when they offer these Pianos either for cash or on terms to suit your own particular financial conveniences, you will realise that the opportunity is indeed much too good to miss. All Pianos are marked in plain figures.

Come and Choose!

If you live within a reasonable distance of Harrods you should come to test and compare the actual instruments in Harrods six great Pianoforte Salons, choosing which suits you best! But you may order by post with equal confidence. Be advised, however, to order promptly, preferably sending an alternative choice in case the instrument you wish for is sold.

These are two of the many letters received after Harrods last Piano Sale. They speak for themselves:

From Falmouth:

"The Challen Baby Grand Piano has been delivered this morning. I feel I cannot thank you sufficiently for the selection you have made for me. I am delighted with the instrument; it has travelled well, and is in perfect condition."

From Manchester:

"I am very pleased with the Upright Grand Piano which I bought from you. A friend said to me, 'You surely wouldn't buy a piano without seeing it!' I said I had sufficient confidence in Harrods, and I was right."

By every Maker of repute

It perhaps ought to be added that the Pianos on offer include Grands and Uprights by every maker of repute. Many of these instruments have been returned from short hire in good private houses, and all are, as has been pointed out already, guaranteed to give complete and lasting satisfaction.

There is invariably a rush for the bargains at Harrods Piano Sale, and you are earnestly counselled to send your order promptly if you would make sure of securing any particular instrument.

Send to-day for

'How to Choose a Piano'

By Mark Hambourg

This intensely interesting and invaluable Brochure (specially written for this occasion by the great Pianist), together with a beautifully illustrated Catalogue of Harrods Piano Sale, will be sent free by return as long as copies last.

Early application is advisable, the edition being very limited and reprint impossible. Write immediately to Harrods, Ltd., London, marking your post-card or letter "Piano."

Continued.

so much like them that they ask for them without thinking to specify, but Boyd's Elastic Puttees, Improved Patent, are considered worth the real "Thank you."

The Apples of His Eyes.

Holidays actually begin to pall—they have been so long this year. Now that schools are taking up again, boys and girls are becoming extremely excited over parcels. The latest additions to their outfits from Gooch's, in Brompton Road, are what fascinates them. This firm can still supply many serviceable things even for boys, at pre-war prices; and the young wearers, while the price does not concern them much, are always delighted to be dressed from Gooch's, as, among schoolboys, it ranks as quite the correct place. They are queer things, schoolboys, and have their standards. Gooch's reach it, and beyond it, for clothes; a Marlborough suit from this well-known establishment is just a little "swagger" which appeals to the schoolboy very much. Of course, he would say "What rot!" if you told him so, but his clothes from Gooch's would be still the apples of his eyes.

Good Luck to the Dancers.

Sir Francis Lloyd made a big bid for the good-will of war-working girls before relinquishing the London Command. He has issued an order that officers in uniform may dance in public. This does not mean that our heroes are going to kick up their heels on the stage, but that they may practise the terpsichorean art in galleries and rooms hired out for dancing. Sir Francis, handsome, well-turned-out, and looking the ideal soldier,



A negligé which would make its owner almost long for an air-raid, so as to be able to show it to an admiring audience. It is made of peacock-blue and yellow satin of bold design, commonly known as "Futurist." The tunic is made to slip over the head.

has always had a corner in the regard of the girls; it will be a wide expanse now. They are all very busy at Marshall and Snelgrove's buying dancing shoes and stockings, and sometimes frocks as well. It is quite good for them to have a hop now and again, and the officers love it. Only the pessimists and pacifists will begrudge young folk a little pleasure now that things are going so well; so good luck to the dancers, and good joy to them too.

A Vile Crew.

There was a story of a kitten nailed by its fore-paws to a door, to which an explosive was attached that blew the poor soldier man up who went to extricate the piteously mewling kitten. This was in a daily paper, and it made me feel sick. I was glad that I read it through, because it shows that the German rank and file know our rank and file, and are vile enough to trade on their humanity and kindness. Also, to my mind, we want just the stiffening that such acts of diabolical cruelty and viciousness on the part of the Huns will give us. Already the big Germans begin to bleat, and they will soon be calling heaven to witness that they were forced to fight by Kaiser and Co. Then it will be a good thing that our clean fighters know their filthy ways, and that they were only too willing to put Kaiser and Co.'s frightfulness into action.

In our Issue of June 26 we gave a double page illustrating a picturesque series of American stage dresses designed as fans. We regret to find that, by some mistake, they were wrongly described as having been worn in Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic on the new Amsterdam Theatre. In reality, we learn, they were costumes from "Doing Our Bit," produced by Messrs. Shubert at the Winter Garden, New York, in October 1917.

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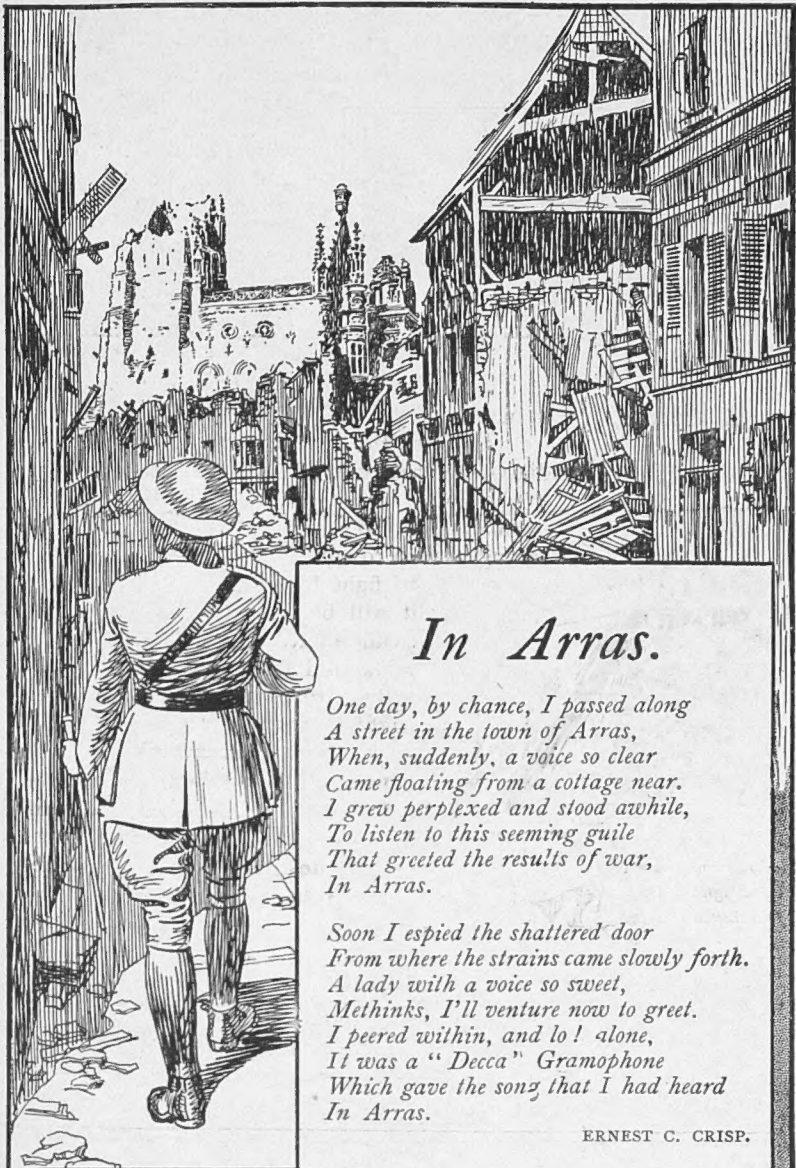
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In Arras.

*One day, by chance, I passed along
A street in the town of Arras,
When, suddenly, a voice so clear
Came floating from a cottage near.
I grew perplexed and stood awhile,
To listen to this seeming guile
That greeted the results of war,
In Arras.*

*Soon I espied the shattered door
From where the strains came slowly forth.
A lady with a voice so sweet,
Methinks, I'll venture now to greet.
I peered within, and lo! alone,
It was a "Decca" Gramophone
Which gave the song that I had heard
In Arras.*

ERNEST C. CRISP.

NOTE: PHILIP GIBBS, the War Correspondent, was one day walking through a street in Arras, when he suddenly heard a lady singing. He thought it rather odd that where so much danger lurked, a woman should still be there, singing at the top of her voice. He looked through the door and there saw an Officer playing a "Decca" Gramophone.

E. C. C.

THE DECCA

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THOUGH so light and compact that it can be carried as easily as a handbag, the "Decca" has the powerful tone and clear, natural reproduction of the largest and most costly gramophones.

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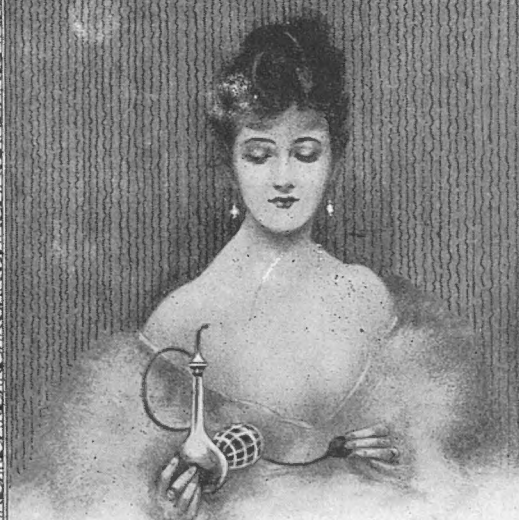
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Powder**
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SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Her Practical Experience.

Lady Mabel Smith, who is due to speak about women in Agriculture and Engineering at a forthcoming meeting of women workers, is, one imagines, almost the solitary instance of an Earl's daughter with practical experience as a farm labourer. Work on a Yorkshire farm is not the kind of life to suit any but a serious worker, but Lady Mabel undertook it, and later applied for a job as road labourer to release a fighting man. The masculine mind decided that such work was "unsuited" to a woman, and so deprived Lady Mabel of the opportunity of scoring another triumph for her sex.

The Hotel Habit.

The announcement that the Dowager Lady Brassey means to make a London hotel her headquarters for the next few months, though it may or may not have any connection with the Coal Controller's activities, does give rise to interesting speculations as to whether others will follow her example. The management and upkeep of a large

establishment is becoming an increasingly difficult problem; and Lady Brassey, if the recent sale of Chapelwood Manor can be taken as an indication, feels unwilling to tackle it. The Princess of Monaco is another who prefers to live in an hotel during war-time; and there are rumours that Grosvenor Square is to set the fashion for communal housekeeping down Mayfair way.

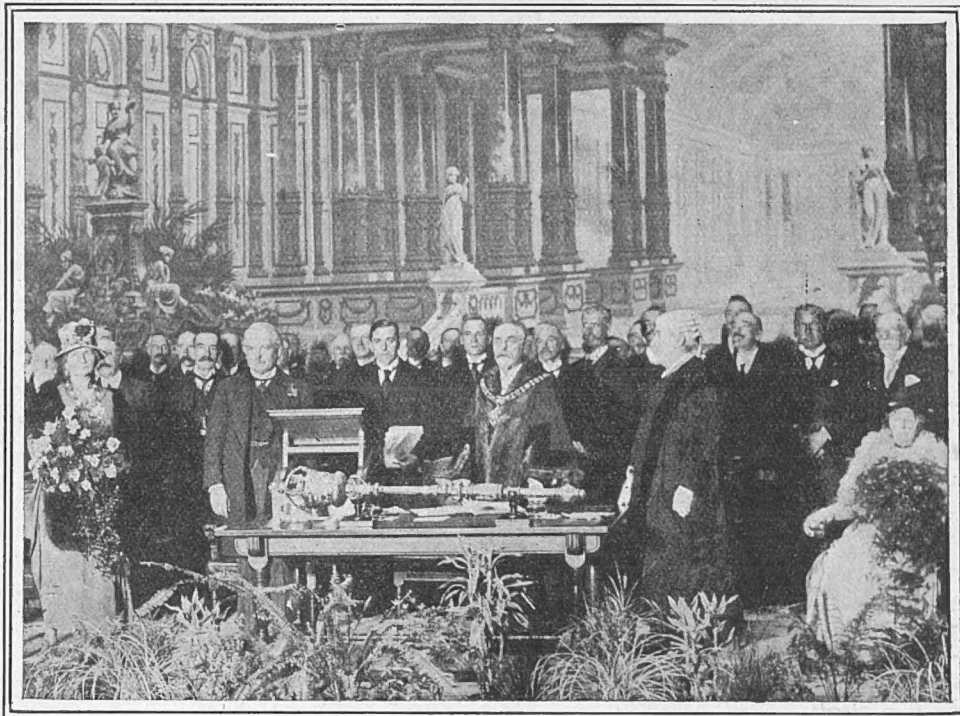
House-Hunting.

Housekeeping difficulties apparently have no terrors for Lady Poulett, who, I am told, is on the lookout for a suitable London abode. Hinton St. George, the beautiful Somersetshire home of the Pouletts, is hers, and there is—or was—a family mansion in Eccleston Square which used to be occupied by the late Lady Poulett, but the young Countess has never cared for it.

Inherited Talent.

Apropos of the Countess, it is, perhaps, not generally known that the late Earl had the rather unusual distinction of being an expert in the art of carving ivory, and had a beautifully fitted little workshop at Hinton, where he spent hours pursuing his favourite hobby. His little son has apparently inherited his

[Continued overleaf.]



AFTER SIGNING THE ROLL: MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT MANCHESTER.

The Prime Minister's eloquent and convincing speech, when the freedom of the city was conferred upon him, was made in the Manchester Hippodrome. Patriotism, courage, and faith in our cause, and in our defenders, were the notes of one of the most remarkable and inspiring speeches which any orator of our own or earlier days has made. It was in every sense great. Our group includes the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor of Manchester, Mrs. Lloyd George, and the Lady Mayoress of Manchester.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

being an expert in the art of carving ivory, and had a beautifully fitted little workshop at Hinton, where he spent hours pursuing his favourite hobby. His little son has apparently inherited his

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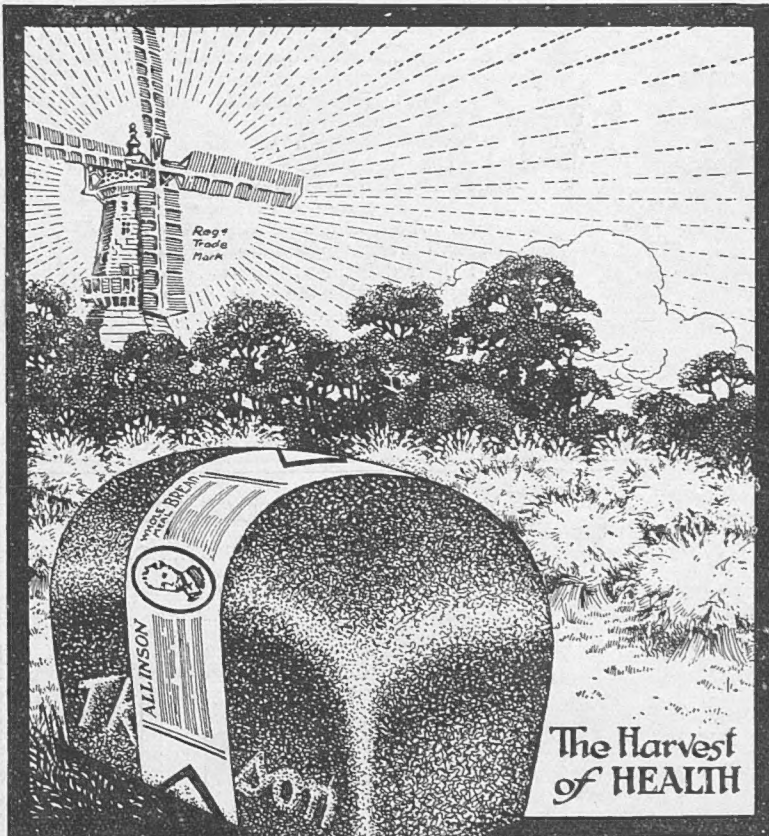


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Allinson
WHOLEMEAL Bread

See the Band on Every Loaf

continued.]

father's talent for handwork. During term time, work at a preparatory school for Eton absorbs most of his time and energy; but the holidays give him an opportunity of using his fingers of which he takes full advantage. His first signature as Earl was written underneath a black cat boldly stencilled in chalk.

New-Comers for the Peerage.

New additions to the Peerage have come thick and fast of late. Lady Orford's small daughter must, one can't help thinking, have brought a tinge of disappointment to her father, who still remains without an heir to the Earldom, which, extinguished in 1797, was revived again in 1806. The new-comer has one sister, her senior by a good

many years, and daughter of Lord Orford by his first marriage. She is Lady Dorothy Mills, author of "Card Houses" and the epigrams on marriage contained therein, fox-trotter, charity war-worker, and at one time contributor of a London letter to an American fortnightly.



A COLONEL'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED:
MISS SYLVIA PAUL.

Miss Sylvia Paul, whose engagement to Lieutenant Alastair S. Cumming, R.N., son of Mr. J. A. Cumming, I.C.S. (retired), and Mrs. Cumming, of Queenwood, Parkstone, Dorset, is announced, is the only daughter of Colonel D. Paul, C.M.G., C.B.E., Army Ordnance Department, and Mrs. Paul, of 41, Shaftesbury Road, Southsea.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

India Day.

No one, we are sure, will follow the fortunes of "India Day" next Friday with keener interest than Lady Chelmsford, wife of the Viceroy of India, who, by virtue of her position, is more or less connected with the "war efforts" which keep Englishwomen in India almost as busy as their sisters at home. Her appointment as Dame Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire some months back was something more than a recognition for formal services rendered as wife of the King's representative in one of his Majesty's dominions

overseas. Lady Chelmsford has worked as hard as anyone to secure comforts for the Indian troops, and the enthusiastic co-operation of Indian women in schemes meant to benefit their fighting countrymen is due entirely to her personal efforts. It was not until the Vicereine put the matter plainly before them that the women of India awoke to their responsibilities in this connection.

A New Lord-in-Waiting.

If heredity helps a Lord-in-Waiting, Lord Elphinstone, who has just succeeded Lord Kenyon as Lord-in-Waiting to the King, should very quickly "fall in" to his duties. Though he himself has never held office, his father, the fifteenth Baron, held the position into which his son has now stepped, under Queen Victoria, for three different periods. Lord Elphinstone, by-the-by, is one of the group of "crack shots" now represented in the House of Lords, and an Ensign in the Royal Company of Archers—otherwise the King's Bodyguard for Scotland.

Teddie and the Tots.

Her friends wonder why Teddie Gerard is affecting Oriental ornaments in her hair. It's quite lovely enough without any barbaric adornment. When one remonstrated with her on this habit at a party the other evening, however, she became very serious, and said what a great interest she was taking in the welfare of the late Arthur Playfair's three motherless babies. This is not the first time that Teddie has shown her kindness and love of children. Some of us will never forget the tenderness which she showed towards the baby of Evelyn Thaw.



A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: MRS. D. MAHER—CAPTAIN MARTIN.

The engagement has been announced of Mrs. Dora Maher, *née* Fraser, widow of Mr. D. Maher, of 63, South Molton Street, W., to Captain G. C. C. Martin, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. We give a new portrait of Mrs. Maher.

Photograph by Lafayette.

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WHEN the Modern Woman thinks of shoes she immediately conjures up for herself a mental vision of something light and daintily feminine. This is why, with her inborn delight in being well dressed, she always insists on her footwear being Sorosis, which are unequalled for perfection of style and that subtle grace and attractiveness which has come to be recognised as the hall-mark of high-class footwear. Yet for all their daintiness Sorosis Shoes are thoroughly serviceable and strong, because they are made of the finest materials it is possible to obtain.

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We also are gaining war-time experience, the value of which will be offered to every Swift owner when we are again able to build cars for private use, so that ownership of a Swift will be a matter of pride in the coming days of peace as in the past.

